

# THE ACADEMY.

A WEEKLY REVIEW OF LITERATURE, SCIENCE, AND ART.

No. 1369.—NEW SERIES.

SATURDAY, JULY 30, 1898.

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## REVIEWS.

## THE LIEBIG OF BIOGRAPHY.

*Studies of a Biographer.* By Leslie Stephen.  
2 vols. (Duckworth & Co.)

A VARIOUS and (in its way) influential career has been Mr. Leslie Stephen's in modern English literature. His *Hours in a Library* have given him deserved reputation as an essayist. His *History of English Thought in the Eighteenth Century* has given him reputation in the more solid walks of literature. In Mr. John Morley's "Men of Letters" series, his studies of Pope, Swift, and especially his admirable Johnson, have exhibited his power as a biographer—a biographer on the minor scale. As editor of the *Cornhill* he attained success and prominence in yet another line. Seldom does a successful *littérateur* make a good editor; but under Mr. Leslie Stephen's direction the *Cornhill* took a new lease of vitality such as it had not done since the days of its start by Thackeray, though its brilliance was on different lines from those followed by the great novelist. Under Mr. Stephen the immortal initials R. L. S. lit up its pages; he, too, if we recollect rightly, gave asylum to Mr. Henley, destined himself to be a famous editor. Both these writers might have sought in vain the recognition of the conventional editor. Homage to the man who helps others up the ladder which he has climbed himself. But with energies unexhausted, his last adventure was his most memorable. He became the editor and the inspiration of that monumental work, the *Dictionary of National Biography*, and not only went through all the labours of its editing, but contributed numbers of articles to its first volumes. It has now been relinquished to the control of Mr. Sidney Lee; but its inception must ever be associated with Mr. Leslie Stephen. For he not only edited it, wrote for it, but he impressed on it—in style and plan—his own character. The numerous contributors who supported and continue to support the undertaking wrote as they have written because Mr. Stephen set them the model. And the model was his own.

What that model is may be learned from his new volumes, *Studies of a Biographer*, which represent most of the characteristics to be found in his life's work, except, perhaps, such more lengthy and set work as the *History of Eighteenth Century Thought*. The title, *Studies of a Biographer*, almost disclaims the name of essayist, though we have called him essayist. Yet there are some things in this work which justify that name, and these let us consider first. From this aspect, among his many aspects, Mr. Leslie Stephen is peculiar and difficult to estimate aright. Let it be said frankly, and in general, that the essay (properly so called, and exercising the widest latitude in the interpretation of the term) is not Mr. Stephen's province. Yet it is impossible to refuse him respect in it. The essay is not his province by birthright; yet he makes it his by force of arms. In the essay on Matthew Arnold (delivered as a lecture before the Owen's College, but really an essay) he modestly sets himself down a Philistine. "Humility is truth," said St. Bernard. Humility here is truth. Mr. Leslie Stephen, from the standpoint of Matthew Arnold, is a Philistine. That reminds us how the word has shifted its meanings since the days of Arnold. It has come to mean a man who cares nothing for literature. Nay, its uttermost degradation has been reached by a writer in the daily press, a writer belonging to the class of "young barbarians" whom Arnold contemned, and who has used it to designate those that do not dress according to the highly tailored canons of the "Johnnies" and "Chappies." After this, the spiritual children of Arnold have nothing left but to abandon the word, as cast-off clothing, to the *valets* of language. Arnold intended it for those—inside or outside literature—who were natively prosaic and unimaginative. Now to these Mr. Stephen belongs. One is loath to endorse his self-claim of that ugly word "Philistine." One is loath to abandon him to the enemy—he does too much honour to them. He is a literary Panther:

"So poised, so gently he descends from high,  
It seems a soft dismissal from the sky."

Yet throughout his writing one cannot but be conscious of a certain hardness, a lack of moist light. He appreciates poetry—particularly the poetry of men such as Wordsworth and Arnold. But his appreciation is intellectual. Poetry, or the appreciation of poetry, requires in its fulness both intellect and emotion. Nevertheless one may have it without intellect, but not without emotion. Mr. Stephen does seem in a certain way to reach an intellectual appreciation even of the æsthetic side in poetry. If he does not reach it directly, he seems, by a certain strenuous fairness of mind, to reach it in a reflex way, through considering and appreciating its æsthetic effect on others. In the same manner he succeeds in forming an intellectual image of much else, in diverse directions, which has no personal appeal to him. So he becomes the most cultivated of non-æsthetic writers; of all Philistines, the one whom those of the opposite camp can read with pleasure and placidity.

All this comes out remarkably in his dis-

course on Arnold. It is the best essay ever written by a critic on an author with whom he was in no native sympathy. That is to say, an author whose root-principles are the destructive opposite of his own. Over and over again one exclaims: "He should have belonged to us!" Yet we are simultaneously aware that he never could have been one of us; that he is a born antagonist, with a superbly chivalrous recognition of his adversary's merit and strength. His judgment of Arnold is admirable, his sympathy refused or unwilling. That is a paradox which runs through Mr. Leslie Stephen's whole nature. His mind is that of the "scientist," but a glorified scientist. The scientist professes to examine everything without *a priori* bias; but when he confronts something alien to his own province, resting on principles other than his own, he becomes the most partisan and bigoted of critics. Mr. Stephen really tries to carry out the principles which the brethren of his cause only profess. To perceive this, compare his methods when he confronts an idealist with the methods (in a like situation) of Prof. Huxley. Take as a specimen of his thoughtfully candid spirit this passage on Arnold, with which we might have some quarrel in a detail or so, but surely none in essence:

"We—for I may perhaps presume that some of you belong, like me, to the prosaic faction—feel, when dealing with such a man as Arnold, at a loss. He has intuitions where we have only calculations. . . . He shows at once a type where our rough statistical and analytical tables fail to reveal more than a few tangible facts; he perceives the spirit and finer essence of an idea where it seems to slip through our coarser fingers, leaving only a residuum of sophistical paradox. In the long run, the prosaic weigher and measurer has one advantage—he is generally in the right as far as he goes. [Quite true.] His tests may be coarser, but they are more decisive, and less dependent upon his own fancies ['fancy' is an erroneous word in the case of a *true* master of intuition]; but when he tries to understand his rival, to explain how at a bound the intuitive perception has reached conclusions after which he can only hobble on limping feet, he is apt to make a bungle of it; to despise the power in which he is so deficient; and probably to suggest unreasonable doubts as to its reality and value."

Was ever such recognising criticism from an avowed demi-adversary? Throughout Mr. Stephen admits the value of being "shaken up" by Arnold's keen assaults on the rigid Philistine position. "Fas est ab hoste doceri" is the burthen of his essay. Yet there is a suggested reason for his avowed half-protesting sympathy. Arnold and he are really one in cause. They are both Agnostics, though their Agnosticism is so diverse in pattern. And many of his strictures on Arnold would be admitted—nay, applauded—by idealists who were not Agnostics.

Mr. Stephen's limitations as essayist are better seen in his comments on the recent "Life of Tennyson." He takes up the position which many of us take—that the later Tennyson is not equal to the earlier. He takes it up with characteristic modesty and apology, fearing that he may be "Philistine." But when he comes to the reason of the faith that is in him, he flounders. He shelters himself behind the allegory of "The Idylls," and his dislike of allegory; behind his

dislike of philosophy, so shadowily and indirectly conveyed. One may almost assert with confidence that the real reason of his abated enthusiasm is one with ours. Ruskin expressed it when he said that he felt the art and finish in these poems a little more than he liked to feel it. To this Tennyson replied that "The Idylls" were really rapidly written. Mr. Stephen feels the answer to be insufficient, but goes into all manner of roundabout considerations in the endeavour to explain *why* the answer is unsatisfactory. If his strength had lain in discussion, comment, analysis, he would have struck the direct answer at once. Mr. Ruskin was right. It matters nothing at all *how* a poem was written: it matters everything what is its effect. If the effect be one of downright inspiration, it is insignificant whether the poet spent months upon it. If the effect be one of self-conscious elaboration, without fire or fervour, or spontaneous richness, it does not signify though it were written in an hour after supper. Tennyson's earlier poems were full enough of highly wrought diction (whether he actually lingered over them or not); but this was carried off by the underlying *spirit* of inspiration. In "The Idylls" this magic is apparent only in passages, in images, in lines, in phrases: the general tissue has an air of mere artistry, without magic, without inevitableness. The allegory is neither here nor there; one's tastes as to the poetic expression of philosophy are neither here nor there. One comes to perceive that Mr. Stephen's power hardly lies in criticism. Even in the case of Arnold he makes no illuminative remarks; says nothing that in substance has not been said before. Neither, most certainly, does it lie in making a subject the theme for his own flights of thought or fancy. Where does it lie?

If one had read nothing else that Mr. Leslie Stephen had written; if one had read neither his "Men of Letters" volumes nor his contributions to the *Dictionary of National Biography*, the answer would yet be apparent in the present volumes. The reader may find it writ large in the "Johnsoniana," the "Byrom," the "Gibbon's Autobiography," the "Importation of German," above all, in "Wordsworth's Youth." The "Johnsoniana" deals with Dr. Birkbeck Hill's "Johnsonian Miscellanies," and in masterly manner impresses into its few pages a sketch of the un-Boswellian Johnson; bringing out by contrast the debt we owe Boswell, the true genius of that much-sneered-at writer. Yet with all its compression it is not dry. Even more typical is the article on Wordsworth. Mr. Stephen is here treating a book of M. Legouis—a book singularly interesting and unexpectedly excellent as coming from a French writer. With some dissent in minor matters (as he mentions), he does yet give the reader, in effect, an admirable and clear synopsis of what M. Legouis takes a book to set forth. The detailed examination by which M. Legouis brings out and enforces his conclusions is, perforce, absent; but the pith of the book is there. So that, having read Mr. Stephen, you could almost work out the French writer's demonstration for yourself.

That, in a phrase, is Mr. Leslie Stephen's peculiar function and excellence—to extract the square root of a book, or of many books. Clearly, we cannot call such a production an essay, or such a writer an essayist, in the original meaning of the terms. Not, indeed, according to any sense of these terms, with all their modern latitude of application. He does not make a book or a theme the nucleus of his own discourse; he macerates a subject; he scoops the pulp of the fruit, and throws away the skin. Essentially, no matter what he writes, at his best and most characteristic he is, in fact, a biographer. Whether writing *Johnson* for the "Men of Letters," or the "Johnsoniana" in these volumes, which is professedly more or less an essay, he is equally a biographer. A biographer, but a biographer in little. And thus all his tasks have been really an unconscious preparation for the crowning task by which he will chiefly live—the *Dictionary of National Biography*. There his gift of scholarly and felicitous compression, his power to fuse multifarious information without dulness and with perfect proportion, found its fitting exercise. It does not matter that only a certain portion of the innumerable articles in that work are actually from his pen. The credit of an architect is not lessened because the details of his work must needs be executed by subordinates. And Mr. Leslie Stephen is the architect of the *Dictionary*; though, like Michael Angelo, he has had to leave to another architect the task of continuing and completing his conception. Every article therein is framed under laws and upon a model laid by him. And those laws, that model, are derived from his own practice; from that method of cultured, perspicuous, symmetrical condensation, exhibited in this book as in those which have gone before it. One or two papers there are, it is true, in the beginning of the book, both desultory in structure, and frequently slipshod in grammar. But the bulk of it is as well-knit in style as in substance. The Liebig of biography—that is our final verdict on Mr. Leslie Stephen.

#### THE SCHOOL ON THE HILL.

*Harrow School.* Edited by Edmund W. Howson, M.A., and George Townsend Warner, M.A. With an Introduction by the Earl Spencer, K.G. (Edward Arnold.)

SAYS Earl Spencer in his introductory note to this portly volume: "I feel that these sketches of school life during the present century should be of permanent value to the public." It is so. The school life, spirit, traditions, history, and routine are so thoroughly described in these pages as to constitute a document that should in future years be of very high importance to students of social systems and education. It is a model for school historians. The book begins at the beginning, with an account of Mr. W. O. Hewlett, of the manor of Harrow and Harrow Hill Rectory, and the school anterior to the time of John Lyon.

It was John Lyon to whom Elizabeth granted the school charter, a portion of which serves as frontispiece. Then come chapters on the school buildings, the Houses, and Early Headmasters. (It would seem, although the records omit his name, that Holofernes was among these. There is Shakespeare's authority for the supposition, and Shakespeare should know. "Do you not educate youth at the charge-house on the top of the mountain?" says Armado to Holofernes in "Love's Labour Lost." "Or mons, the hill," replies Holofernes, never forgetting his profession. How could this be aught but Harrow?) Then we are offered chapters, by the best pens available, on the Drury Family and later Headmasters: Dr. George Butler, 1804-1829; Dr. Langley, 1829-1836; Dr. Christopher Wordsworth, 1836-1844; Dr. Vaughan, 1844-1859; and Dr. H. Montagu Butler, 1860-1885. The present Headmaster, Dr. J. E. C. Welldon, contributes a chapter on the School Chapel; and Speech Day, Harrow's famous men, sports, songs, and traditions are dealt with. The book, one sees, is exhaustive. And at every few pages is a drawing by Mr. Herbert Marshall. Hence it is hardly an exaggeration to say that one lays it aside—an Old Harrovian.

One of the most interesting chapters—because the most personal and human—is that contributed by Mr. Charles Savile Roundell, head of the school and captain of the eleven 1845-1846, and now one of the governors, on Dr. Christopher Wordsworth and Harrow in the Forties. Christopher Wordsworth, the nephew of the poet, came with the determination to make the boys "first, Christians; secondly, gentlemen; and thirdly, scholars." As an administrative Headmaster he is not considered to have been eminent, but as an influence in the direction he sought he was nobly so. As Mr. Roundell says, Wordsworth planted; another—Dr. Vaughan, his successor—reaped. But the harvest was assured. Two humorous stories in which Wordsworth figures may be told here. On one occasion he had occasion to punish a boy by bidding him stand in the corner. The boy did so, and then convulsed his schoolfellows by imitating the agony of a person in a spasm of sickness, emitting from his mouth a stream of torn paper. Dr. Wordsworth fixed him with his eye, and bade him quote something pertinent to his folly. "Dulce est desipere in loco," said the boy. The other story bears upon Dr. Wordsworth's oratory. Shortly after leaving Harrow, says Mr. Roundell, the ex-headmaster was preaching in the Abbey. There was a considerable crowd, which a verger explained to an inquirer by saying, "It's Dr. Wordsworth, sir, a-giving it to the Pope, sir, a-giving it to the Pope." On minor matters, such as school discipline and habits, Mr. Roundell is most entertaining. In those days, by an unwritten law, umbrellas, greatcoats, and spectacles were barred. "Go away and put off that disgraceful garment," said one of the masters to a boy in a great coat. Stone throwing was then a great accomplishment, in which boys reached something like perfection. Here is a reminiscence of a character of those times,



Dick Chad, nicknamed "Old Pipes," the keeper of the cricket ground :

"I can see him still, with no coat on, but only his jacket, in drab knee-breeches and white stockings, leaning upon his stick, considerably bent, and looking, like Lord Thurlow, very grave and very wise. One day, when the present Master of Trinity was in the school Eleven, he propounded to Chad some knotty question about cricket. Chad's answer, slowly and oracularly given, was as follows: 'Well, Mr. Butler, if you ask my opinion upon this question, I should say that, in my opinion, sir, it was not only doubtful, but doobious.' Once, in 1845, when he was being chaffed at Lord's by the Eton representative, forgetting his 'doobious' attitude, he said, 'All I know is we've two gentlemen whom I will back to get 100 runs between them.' In point of fact, the two in question got 101 runs between them in the second innings of the Winchester match: and when the head of the eleven was got out, with a score of seventy-five to his own bat, leaving some fifteen runs to be got, with five wickets to go down, the remaining runs were not got, and the match was lost. Such was the difficulty of playing with a brand-new eleven, consisting mainly of very young boys. About the same time, the story goes that, when fielding out on a hot afternoon in one of the school matches at Lord's, the nose of one of these young cricketers began to bleed; that, between the overs, his anxious mother besought the captain of the eleven to allow her son to retire for a while; and that she was met with the brutal answer, 'Not a Harrow boy shall leave the ground so long as he has a drop of blood left in his veins.'"

It was in later years, however, that Harrow cricket became great, under "R. G." and "F. P.," the two patron saints of athleticism in the school: "R. G.," the Hon. Robert—or Bob—Grimston; and "F. P.," Frederick Ponsonby, afterwards Earl of Bessborough. These are great names at Harrow, and ever will be. A chapter by Mr. Chandos Leigh is devoted to these illustrious friends and sportsmen, and the elegies upon them from the pen of Harrow's vigorous Laureate, Mr. E. E. Bowen, the head of the Modern Side, are also printed. The lament for "R. G." begins thus gravely:

"Still the balls ring upon the sunlit grass,  
Still the big elms, deep shadowed, watch  
the play:  
And ordered game and loyal conflict pass  
The hours of May.

But the game's guardian, mute, nor heeding  
more  
What suns may gladden, and what airs  
may blow,  
Friend, teacher, playmate, helper, counsellor,  
Lies resting low."

And here is a stanza from the verses on the death of "F. P.":

"Our fields have lost his presence. Never  
more  
In the long splendour of the summer days,  
Game after game, as swells the mounting  
score.  
His temperate voice shall gladden into  
praise.  
Others will toil as he did; still shall hold  
The chain that binds us; skill nor love shall  
cease;  
But he, the first, the purest friend of old,  
Rests in the silence of the endless peace."

In the old Harrovian Club hang two old  
straw hats, memorials of these "famous

cricketers, loyal Harrovians, blameless gentlemen," as the inscription beneath their portraits in the Pavilion runs. May their memory continue green! They were succeeded by Mr. I. D. Walker, who died only the other day, since this book went to press, thus rendering two or three passages which treat in the present tense of his great and kindly services sad reading. Mr. M. C. Kemp is the present genius of the game, and of the school's prowess in cricket the powers of Mr. F. S. Jackson and Mr. A. C. Maclaren, to name no others, are at this moment sufficient guarantee.

The diary of a boy named Trevelyan, kept from 1812 to 1815, offers odd glimpses of the first Dr. Butler's accessibility. Here are entries to the point: "Supped with Dr. Butler. Eat Mock-Turtle Soup, Hare, Partridge, Pye, Custard and Trifle—and 3 glasses of wine." "Supped with B." "Supped with Dr. B.—good Madeira." Again, "Dr. B. gave Gray and I a glass of wine," and "Dr. B. told me to stay out for my cold, and I had some water-gruel with him." And here is portion of a "tuck" merchant's account with a Harrow boy of an earlier generation—1788. It indicates a Sybaritic taste:

Jun 30.	fool, bread, sauce on bread	3 1
July 1.	Shery toste, custard	0 8
" 2.	pigon Poy, bread limonad...	1 1½
" 3.	3 glace Ice, Naples basket, royal hostes	2 0
" 4.	ham, bread, pikles, lemonad	0 7
" 5.	3 pund sugar, pigon poy	3 7
" 7.	potte rasbury	1 3

Sir Henry Cunningham and Mr. W. J. Courthope enumerate, in two very interesting chapters, Harrow scholars and literary men. Among the statesmen were Sheridan, Spencer Perceval, Lord Elgin, Sir Robert Peel, and Lord Palmerston. Among the literary men were Sir William Jones, the Orientalist; Samuel Parr, the illustrious smoker; Sheridan again; Byron ("Burns," said someone to Lamb, "is a ploughboy." "Yes," said Lamb, "and Byron is a Harrow boy."); Barry Cornwall, Theodore Hook, Dean Merivale, Archbishop Trench, Cardinal Manning, Aubrey De Vere, Frederick Faber, Anthony Trollope, Robert Earl of Lytton, C. S. Calverley, or, as he was called when at Harrow, C. S. Blayds, and J. A. Symonds. Of living Old Harrovians of note these lists take no account: they are, however, numerous.

Every school has certain slang words of indigenous growths, and no book of this kind would be complete without an account of them. Hence Mr. Warner writes as follows:

"To tell the truth, it [Harrow slang] is not a rich language, and it borrows widely from the slang of outside. Its first principle is the substitution of the syllable 'er' for the termination of words. Thus, the recreation ground becomes 'Recker,' and the electric light 'lecker,' Speech-room is 'Speecher,' and Duck-puddle is 'Ducker.' 'Seconders,' 'thirders,' are second and third elevens. To be degraded is to be 'degerd' (pr. daygerd). 'Harder' is hard-ball rackets; a 'yarder' explains itself, and further examples of this are unnecessary. For the rest, let him [the Harrow boy] tell an imaginary tale in own words, how that he was 'slack,' and tried to

'stop out' and 'get signed' for the 'swot' he had 'cut.' Failing, he 'tollied up' to 'mug up' his 'rep,' but his 'house-beak' 'slimed' (went round quietly) and 'twug' him, and gave him a 'pun.' He 'frousted' in the morning till second bell, and was late for 'speecher'; got through his 'rep,' but was 'skewed' in his 'con.'; had his knife 'bagged' by his 'form-beak,' and got a 'skit' more puns, and was 'hauled up' on the next 'half-hol.' Coming out of school he had a 'rag' with a friend, whom he called a 'chaw.' As the consequent dispute delayed him, his 'find' was in a 'bate,' and threatened a 'whopping.' Being a 'dab' at 'teek' he did a 'swagger ex,' and passed a quiet second school, but got a 'jaw' from his tutor in 'pupe' for being slack at 'stinks.' At 'footer' he 'bucked up,' and was unluckily 'skied,' just as he was going to give yards in front of base. He 'specks' on his 'fez' at no remote period, if he is not 'chawed up.'"

Most of these words explain themselves. It might be added, however, that "teek" is mathematics, so called from the habit of Mr. Jacob Marillier, mathematical instructor in the thirties, of pronouncing "arithmetie" with the last syllable much elongated.

Let us end by quoting three stanzas of Mr. Howson's epilogue:

"Behind—the old Elizabethan school,  
Chapel and form-room clustering in the  
trees,  
A little world of academic rule,  
Busy and restless as a hive of bees;  
Where ordered work and simple worship  
blend,  
Thought marries thought, and friend is knit  
with friend.

Below—the meadows, fields of happy fight,  
Rich with the memory of a thousand frays,  
Where rival forces clash in fierce delight,  
And boyhood plucks its first and proudest  
bays.

O joy of mimic battle! generous feud!  
Rough nurse of freedom, strength, and  
fortitude!

Beyond—the mighty city spreading far,  
Smoke—wrapt, mysterious, pinnacle and  
spire,  
Big with tremendous fates that make or mar,  
A scene to strike the soul of youth afire—  
Great London looming black against the  
night,  
Silent, beneath her lurid belt of light!"

Old Harrovians should find much food  
for reflection—a little wistful, perhaps—in  
these lines.

#### A BOOK OF THE HOUR.

*China in Transformation.* By Archibald  
R. Colquhoun. (Harper & Brothers.)

THIS work derives importance from the timeliness of its appearance, and impressiveness from its very bulk. It is a great budget of information and comment on the country which of all others is attracting the attention and the fears of thoughtful people. Ten years ago such a book would have appealed only to lovers of travel-books, and students of manners and customs. To-day it appeals not to these only, but to the politician, not to the politician only, but to the man in the street, not to him only but to the man of imagination. For China, with its 350 million people, is about to fall

into Western hands. The prizes will be enormous. Nothing in this book so arrests and possesses the reader as the visions it affords of the potentialities of wealth which China can no longer hide under her immemorial cloak of secrecy. Mr. Colquhoun, an administrator of great experience, with the memories of years of civil service to draw upon, presents his subject in these pages in an orderly, yet impressive, manner which we have not space even to summarise. The burden of his message—the book is instinct with purpose—is to make clear what the disruption of China will mean to England, and to urge on her that definite and forward policy which she has delayed so long to adopt.

"For three hundred years we fought France, and built up our empire in the process. And shall we not face Russia now, rather than allow ourselves to be first replaced by her in China and then engulfed in the resulting deluge? For, with China Russian, Asia would soon be the Tsar's, and the whole world would, in due course of time, be subjugated by Russia. If Britain be but true to herself, and draw the Anglo-Teutonic races to her side, she has still the means of averting this danger, which threatens the whole of those races through the domination of the world by the Slav power."

These are the very last words in Mr. Colquhoun's book. It is not possible for us to do more than indicate the steps by which Mr. Colquhoun makes them convince and appal the reader. He does this by examining and presenting the various sides of the situation in scientific progression. Thus, Mr. Colquhoun begins by considering the geography of China in the spirit of Victor Cousin's remark, "Tell me the geography of a country and I will tell you its future." He proceeds to sketch the history of China's foreign relations with her Eastern neighbours, and her Western visitors and invaders. "The Economic Question" and "The Question of Communications" are then considered. Mr. Colquhoun endorses Dr. Williamson's remark, that "Steam or Anarchy" are the only alternatives left to the Chinese. And he dismisses the idea of obstruction to railways by the Chinese masses as a bogey: "The people are not only prepared for railways, but these would no more disorganise Chinese society than they did that of Western countries, for it is marvellous how soon men get accustomed to changes which are for their benefit." The fifth chapter deals with "England's Objective in China." Mr. Colquhoun wants English politicians to perceive with him that our two bases of operation—that is to say, our land base in Burmah and our sea base in Hong Kong—must be joined, partly by rail and partly by navigation on the Yangtze. A fine project, truly; but if the reader is elevated by it, and by Mr. Colquhoun's glowing description of the Yangtze provinces, so rich in corn and wine and oil and minerals, he is as easily depressed by the author's next chapter on "Commercial Development." Here we encounter the selfish, short-sighted British trader, in whose hands our commerce with China is not constructive, but brief as the hour. "The merchant comes to China to make money, and to retire as soon as possible. His first

consideration is to get orders and contracts, and he is quite indifferent as to the country of origin of the goods he handles. I once heard the whole question disposed of thus by a successful business man—need I say he was a Scotchman?—'My dear sir, I am not working for posterity.' Moreover, the British trader sticks to his treaty port, where he is really not so much a merchant as a commission agent. He still declines to learn the "beastly language," and he sends his goods inland by Chinese agencies to be villainously taxed in transit. He still shirks the "odds and ends of commerce," leaving these to German and Russian traders, who, if they seem petty men, waxing fat slowly on small profits, are, nevertheless, more painstaking, and are increasing the Chinese interests of their respective countries on "busy-bee" principles.

We pass over Mr. Colquhoun's chapter on "Government and Administration"; but it provides some gorgeous and humorous reading. We pass, too, "Diplomatic Inter-course" and "The Native Press." In his chapter on "The Chinese People" Mr. Colquhoun emphasises the Chinaman's extraordinary—nay, dread—combination of muscular endurance with mental activity. "He has almost a passion for labour, in search of it he compasses sea and land." Yet John Chinaman is a skilled handicraftsman. He makes a good engine-driver. And as for brains, we read:

"The intellectual capacity of the Chinese may rank with the best in Western countries. Their own literary studies, in which memory plays the important part, prove the nation to be capable of prodigious achievements in that direction. It is stated in Macaulay's *Life* that had *Paradise Lost* been destroyed he could have reproduced it from memory. But even such a power of memory as he possessed is small compared with that of many Chinese, who can repeat by heart all the thirteen classics; and it is as nothing to that of some Chinese, who, in addition to being able to repeat the classics, can memorise a large part of the general literature of their country. A Chinese acquaintance of mine was able, at the age of sixty-five, to reproduce, *verbatim*, letters received by him in his youth from some of his literary friends famous as stylists. When pitted against European students, in school or college, the Chinese is in no respect inferior to his Western contemporaries, and, whether in mathematics and applied science, or in metaphysics and speculative thought, he is capable of holding his own against all competitors."

Over such a country, so peopled, the Western nations do cast their hungry eyes. England is in the position of a country which having made long and successful efforts to acquire influence and commercial advantages in China, and still possessing them above all other countries, is now thwarted and held back by Russia and her allies. As Mr. Colquhoun sadly remarks: "Russia's policy both in Europe and Asia is active and persistent, while England would be only too glad to secure the maintenance of the *status quo*." Vain hope! The mountain has begun to move and crumble. "What is wanted on our side is a plan solidly backed, and a man. . . . In the one field where of late years we have been successful—Egypt—we had our plan: we had the twelve thousand

bayonets, and we had the man. In China we have never had the three, and seldom even the last." We must now refer the reader—be he thinker, merchant, or mere taster of books—to Mr. Colquhoun's most suggestive pages. They deal with the immediate destinies of mankind and of England; and the glimpses afforded of China's remote and golden interior appeal to the imagination with the force of a dream which—behold—is a reality.

#### A BROTHER OF THE COMMON LIFE.

*The Imitation of Christ.* A Revised Translation, Notes, and Introduction by C. Bigg, D.D. (Methuen.)

A NEATER or more scholarly edition of the great devotional masterpiece you could not find. Like most modern English translations of the *Imitatio*, that of Dr. Bigg is based upon the sixteenth century version attributed to the Jesuit Anthony Hoskins. Dr. Bigg has, however, freely revised his predecessor's work in the light of Thomas à Kempis' autograph text of 1441, with the result that "little of the original is left, except in those passages where it is hardly possible for two translators to differ even verbally." One gathers from Dr. Bigg's luminous and interesting introduction that the traditional form in which the *Imitatio* is presented to English readers—of course nobody reads it in English who can possibly read it in its exquisite Latin—is, indeed, a sorry and a sophisticated one. The prejudices of Protestantism are responsible for extraordinary mutilations and perversions of the original meaning.

"The monk became a devout person, his cell was changed into a secret chamber, his penance into repentance, the Pope appeared as a bishop, and so on. But if à Kempis is to be read, certainly if he is to be understood, he must be allowed to speak with his own voice. His sentiment is that of the universal church; his opinions are those of his time."

In this respect, then, of sincerity, and in that other of a scholar's nicety and accuracy of verbal translation, Dr. Bigg's *Imitatio* may be regarded as a nearer approach to the original than has yet existed in English. Yet another thing he has attempted to restore to à Kempis which Hoskins and the rest denied him. This is his punctuation, that musical antithetic punctuation, analogous to that of the Psalms in the English Prayer-Book, in which may be traced the influence of the rhythmical "proses" of the pre-Tridentine missal, and which points to the obvious purpose of the book as a series of devout lessons to be read, or rather chanted, aloud in the refectory of a religious house. As to the much-disputed, but really hardly disputable, authorship of the *Imitatio*, Dr. Bigg has little doubt. It is possible that Thomas à Kempis put his signature to the MS. of 1441, not as composer, but merely as scribe. Possible is hardly probable. The other treatises in the same book are undeniably by à Kempis himself. The *Imitatio* was ascribed to him by a contemporary of his



own Order, during his life-time. And of his only two serious rivals, one, John Gerson, if he ever existed, was a great deal too early, the other, the famous Chancellor de Gerson, was never religious at all.

Of Thomas à Kempis' personal history and of the Order to which he belonged, Dr. Bigg gives a most attractive account. The Brothers and Sisters of the Common Life sprang from one of those attempts to reform the mediæval church from within of which the foundation of the *Fratres Minores* is the outstanding example in history :

"The Brothers and Sisters lived under the same roof, observed the rules of poverty, chastity, and obedience, but were bound by no vow, so that there might be perfect liberty of returning to the ordinary life of the world. They were to look for support, not to endowments like the monks, nor to alms like the friars, but to the work of their own hands, and, as the societies existed chiefly in towns, the work was naturally such as towns-people easily find to do."

The early Brotherhoods were "free spiritual societies"; the later ones were Augustinian priories reformed in the direction of the same ideal. The brothers devoted themselves to the copying of MSS. and the establishment of grammar-schools.

"The Order was short-lived. The printing press cut off its chief means of support, and finally the Reformation swallowed it up. But it ran a blameless course, it produced a singularly beautiful type of the contemplative life, and even Luther, who was no friend of monasticism, spoke of it with high commendation."

In one of the houses of this Order, the Agnetenberg, near Windesheim, Thomas à Kempis spent his days, writing or copying little books, losing his soul on the wings of music, or in the ecstasy of the beatific vision. And here he composed the *Imitatio*. In the concluding sections of his Introduction Dr. Bigg essays the defence of the contemplative ideal of monasticism against the assaults of Milton and other critics of "cloistered virtue." We doubt whether he quite makes his point good. That the contemplative life in itself is of value to the community, who can doubt? "The torch burns itself away, but it gives light; the flower wastes the plant, but it is a flower." Only it is not the cowl which makes a contemplative. Plato was no *religieux*; neither is Maeterlinck. And the next question as to monasticism is, whether the total given to contemplation is really equivalent to the loss by the withdrawal of so much vital energy from the work of the world as the system implies. After all, the spirit of contemplation bloweth where it listeth, and is more often impeded than promoted by rules and formule.

#### GIBBON AND WATER.

*The World at Auction.* By Michael Field. (Hacon & Ricketts.)

SURELY he did an ill service to letters who introduced Michael Field to the pages of Gibbon. It might have been foreseen that those lurid and indecent figures of the *Historia Augusta* would have a most unholy

fascination for imaginations always so weak on the side of sensitivity to the abnormal and the extravagant. And really these parricides and usurpers, these monsters of blood and lust, are not dramatic. They are too incredible, too aloof from the reasonable possibilities of humanity. They pass across the stage of history like horrible *ombres chinoises*; into living, breathing human creatures you cannot—without genius you cannot—galvanise them. The narrative of Gibbon—direct, ironical, pitiless—says, it seems to us, all that can be said. With Gibbon diluted into the waste and chaos of words which Michael Field choose in these latter days to offer us for dramatic writing, we confess that we have but little patience. Of old—in *The Tragic Mary*, for instance—Michael Field, though never strong in dramatic creation, had certain fine Elizabethan qualities of vigorous and picturesque phrase. Their manner is Elizabethan still, but it is the empty rhetoric, signifying nothing, of a third-rate Beaumont and Fletcher play. Gibbon tells the story of the nine weeks' reign of Didius Julianus admirably. When Commodus, the unworthy son of the great and wise Marcus Aurelius, became intolerable, a palace intrigue was formed for his assassination, and he was succeeded by Pertinax, a wise and frugal ruler, who might have done something to restore the great traditions of the Antonines. But Pertinax fell before the dislike of the spoilt Praetorian Guards, and the empire suffered the indignity of a public auction at the Praetorian camp. Sulpicianus, the father-in-law of Pertinax, bid a donative of five thousand drachms. Didius Julianus, a senator of wealth and no abilities, bid six thousand two hundred and fifty. Didius Julianus was installed in the palace of the Cæsars.

"A magnificent feast was prepared by his orders, and he amused himself till a very late hour with dice and the performances of Pylades, a celebrated dancer. Yet it was observed that after the crowd of flatterers dispersed and left him to darkness, solitude, and terrible reflection, he passed a sleepless night, revolving most probably in his mind his own rash folly, the fate of his virtuous predecessor, and the doubtful and dangerous tenure of an empire which had not been acquired by merit, but purchased by money."

After sixty-six days the Pannonian army of Septimius Severus reached Rome, and Julian met the well-deserved fate of a common criminal. Substantially this is the plot of *The World at Auction*, nor can Michael Field be honestly said to have added anything to Gibbon, save some scenes of sickly amorosness, in which Pylades and the daughter of Julian, Didia Clara, play a prominent part. These serve only to obscure the outlines of a plot in which they are merely episodic, and to give Michael Field an excuse for some careful archæology anent the performances, quite unrealisable by a modern imagination, of the pantomimes. By the way, the archæology is wrong, for in at least one passage Michael Field mixes up the pantomimes with those very different persons, the mimes.

We do not know whether our readers

would care for a specimen of Michael Field's later manner of blank verse. Here is one :

"*Manlia* :

The boy is beautiful ;  
No mask he wears is equal to his face.  
We soon shall be his patrons, and our  
favour  
Will reinstate him. Shame to have him  
flogged !  
I think we should be grateful, and behave  
Indulgent to those who can amuse ;  
They give us pastime, let them have their  
whims,  
At least when they are famed and beautiful.  
Yet, Juno ! it was shocking indiscretion  
To flout the Prætor, though it makes me  
smile.

*Eclectus* :

These dancers are the mortal pest of Rome :  
They sap its honour and its ancient strength  
Like fever from the plains. Our populace  
Applauds the din of stamping to a flute,  
The wanton jumpings of a lunatic,  
Who takes all sorts of colours like a fish,  
And in one body keeps so many souls  
He cannot claim his own. This recreant  
boy,  
Who has no loyalty, to think he sways  
The blood of thousands, drawing to his  
side  
Our men and women of supremest rank  
Whenever his white tunic and white shoes  
Are seen along the street. Tho' Pertinax  
Was resolute to have him taught his place,  
It was in vain ; you flatter and console  
And crown the rods with bay.

*Mantia* :

Fie, you are strict !  
Cornelius comes."

Curiously diluted, is it not ? Michael Field are two clever ladies, but they will not do much until they get into the open air, and out of this hothouse of decadent chronicle. We are glad to be quit of Julian and Pylades and Didia Clara ; they are not tragedy, but a disordered dream.

#### BRIEFER MENTION.

*La Peinture Anglaise Contemporaine.* Par Robert de la Sizeranne. (Hachette.)

*English Contemporary Art.* Translated from the French of Robert de la Sizeranne by H. M. Poynter. (Constable.)

AN invaluable thing, to serious students of their national art and letters, is that detachment and perspective which a point of view from across the Channel gives. And the gain is the greater if the foreign critic is one so competent for the task, in equipment and in instinct, as M. de la Sizeranne. His volume before us forms, taken as a whole, the most luminous survey of the broad tendencies of English painting during the past half century with which we are acquainted. Roughly speaking, of course, English painting during the past half century means pre-Raphaelitism, and M. de la Sizeranne shows himself not only thoroughly well acquainted with the actual work of the pre-Raphaelite school and its derivatives, but also with the closely related

writing of Mr. Ruskin, and with other essays in æsthetic discussion, in the absence of which the general gist and bearing of pre-Raphaelitism would, perhaps, be rather difficult to understand. The book opens with three chapters of a general character, in which M. de la Sizeranne discusses the position of English art—academic art—in 1844; the germs of the new movement in the work of Madox Brown; the formation of the pre-Raphaelite Brotherhood, mainly through the personal magnetism of D. G. Rossetti; the triumph of 1857; and then the break-up of the school and the gradual divergence of its members, each to modify profoundly the initial tendencies as his individual temperament bade him. Then M. de la Sizeranne turns to the greater English masters of our own day, and in seven learned and luminous essays draws attention to the presence in each of these of certain common qualities, directly derived from the pre-Raphaelites, which transcend divergencies hardly less profound, and entitle him, as he thinks, to speak of a distinctly national school of English Art. The seven—three of whom, since M. de la Sizeranne wrote, are no longer with us—are Sir Frederick Leighton, Sir John Millais, and Sir Edward Burne-Jones, and Messrs. G. F. Watts, Holman Hunt, and Herkomer—what does he in this galley?—and Alma Tadema. Finally, M. de la Sizeranne essays synthetic criticism, and attempts to sum up the distinctive characteristics of the “English School” and to compare them with those familiar to him in the Salons of his own country. On the technical side, pure bright colour and the dry manner of applying it, a neglect of composition, a neglect of harmonious tone, a neglect of brush work: on the spiritual side, illustration rather than decoration, the constant effort rather than appeal to the mind with ideas than to the senses with subtle form or lovely colour:

“No merriment, but nobility; no agitation, but repose; no grouping, but juxtaposition; no fire, but a set purpose; seldom the realities of life, but always what has been weighed and thought out. The idea that art is a serious matter strikes deep root into us. We may enter an English picture gallery thinking to divert ourselves; we have only escaped from what is futile and contrary in life, its melancholy appeals to us in spite of ourselves. We thought that the painters would show us a decoration; they recite us a drama. Looking at a statue, we fancied we should peacefully enjoy its immortal forms; it opens its mouth to utter prophecies. We are like Coleridge’s wedding guest; he was hastening to a feast, a feast of the eyes and the heart, when he met an ancient mariner with glittering glance, who compelled him to sit upon a bench of stone, and hearken to the terrible loss of the *Albatross*.”

For the English translation of M. de la Sizeranne’s book, in spite of the liberal illustrations which adorn it, we cannot say very much. The finish and subtlety of the criticism evaporate in the somewhat crude rendering which they find. And signs of carelessness or haste in the production of the volume are apparent. “Bassano” for Bassanio, “Tiberias” for Tiberius, “Sposra di Libano” for Sponsa di Libano, if misprints, are grievous misprints. On p. 195 “no oil painting” for “an oil painting” entirely

spoils the sense of the passage. Most curious of all, perhaps, is the slip by which “The Blessed Damozel,” retranslated from the French, appears as “The Elect Lady.”

*The General Manager’s Story: Old-time Reminiscences of Railroading in the United States.* By Herbert Elliott Hamblen. (Macmillan & Co.)

THIS is a monstrous entertaining little book. Open it anywhere and your luck will hardly fail you. And for real gripping adventure you begin to doubt whether any career is worthy to show itself in the same caboose with that of an “engineer.” For this manager passed through all the grades, and it was as an engineer that he had the best time. His life is as full of adventure as a pirate’s, and he tells the tale with a vigorous directness that leaves art that is not first-rate behind—jacks it up, in fact; dumps it, to talk plain United States; makes it regularly to drop its bundle.

The liveliest thing that happens to you when you drive an engine is to be chased by your tail. This happens when you get “broke in two” at the top of a down grade. The rear cars are left behind for a bit; then they get a gait on, and, regardless of signals and switches and such frivolities, you have just got to scoot. Such an adventure happened to the writer when he was in charge of a freight train. The fracture took place in a tunnel. The whistle’s call for brakes was not answered, and the driver knew

“they must have parted just on the crest of the mountain, and the rear section must have nearly stopped before it pitched over and concluded to follow us; for I opened out a good train length, and began to think that the crew must have got their end stopped, when they shot out of that tunnel like a comet. . . .”

Then it was a race from destruction behind into the jaws of almost certain death in front:

“I shall never forget that wild ride down the mountain if I live to be a thousand years old. When she struck a reverse curve about two miles from the tunnel, the fireman was thrown clean through the cab window, and literally torn limb from limb as he came in contact with the ground. I thought she had left the track altogether, for she rolled almost over, hurling me across the cab and back again, as she struck the reverse of the curve, and came back on her wheels with a crash. . . . And now I saw ahead of me a man in the middle of the track languidly waving a red flag. Yes, it was all over with me now—the freight-house switch was open. . . . A kind of demoniac frenzy seemed to seize me. . . . Clutching the reverse lever with both hands, I with difficulty unhooked her and dropped her down a couple of notches, and, as fast as she was going before, I felt her leap ahead under the influence of the longer point of cut-off, and a fierce joy surged over me to think what a world-beater my wreck would be.”

As presently, having escaped this peril, he rushed through a station,

“the agent had a truck-load of baggage ready to take across as soon as I passed, but the suction of the train drew the whole business under the wheels, and it disappeared. He was discharged because the superintendent said he was a d—d fool.

The engineer of the local told me afterwards

that all he saw was the front end of the engine, with my face at the window; then there came a big cloud of dust and a roar, followed directly by another roar as the rear section passed him, and that was all he knew about it.”

These extracts do far less than justice to the breathless pages from which they are taken. The book is a valuable contribution to the literature that is growing around the Romance of Steam.

*The Trout.* (“Fur, Feather, and Fin” Series.) By the Marquess of Granby. (Longmans.)

THIS is a book to read in a whisper. Wherever you open it you spy the bended back of one who lies in wait. Or the figure lies flat on its stomach, and, with its chin upon the edge, peers into the stream. Or it sits cross-legged upon a trunk, and mends something. Or it smokes—surely, there should be a Davy-lamp for the bowl. The figure is an engaging one: we presume it to be that of “the writer”; and the face shines with such benignancy that trout must indeed be hard-roed which will not yield to the fascination of “something between a coch-y-bondu and a ‘hackle’ alder,” and allow himself to be swung between heaven and earth by a hook through his countenance. The Latin name for trout seems to be *salmo trutta*. His size varies between that of a very large minnow and that of a rather small whale: in March, 1889, there was captured in Loch Stennis, in Orkney, one which weighed 29 lbs., measured 38 inches in length, and was 24 inches in girth. He is singularly patriotic: the most cheerful Scotch trout transported in their youth to a Derbyshire stream presently moped and ceased to develop. “They simply seem to elongate; the three-quarters of a pound and pound fish consisted of nothing but lank discoloured bodies and huge hideous heads.” Also they are extremely addicted to cannibalism; they try not to do it, but *ça est plus fort qu’eux*. The race is its own worst enemy, and how its guardian angel has contrived to ward off self-extirpation so long is a mystery.

“Buckland mentions a case in which trout were seen in the act of devouring the eggs ‘with their noses grubbing in the nests and their tails projecting out of the water like so many sharks’ fins at sea.’”

But human ingenuity has come at last to the rescue. The Chinese were, of course, among the first pioneers of fish culture, and the following dazzling example of Celestial ingenuity is quoted by Col. Custance in his well-written chapters on the subject:

“When the proper season for hatching arrives they empty a hen’s egg by means of a small aperture, sucking out the natural contents, and then, after substituting fish-spawn, close up the opening. The egg thus manipulated is placed for a few days under a hen.”

As to the result, Col. Custance suggests flying-fish. Finally, Mr. Alexander Innes Shand contributes a long and greedy essay on what you shall do with your trout when you have hatched him and reared him and finally hooked him. You may enjoy this book without being an angler.



# THE ACADEMY SUPPLEMENT.

SATURDAY, JULY 30, 1898.

## THE NEWEST FICTION.

### A GUIDE FOR NOVEL READERS.

RUPERT OF HENTZAU.

By ANTHONY HOPE.

The sequel to *The Prisoner of Zenda*, which for some months has been delighting readers of the *Pall Mall Magazine*. And there are pictures by Mr. Charles Dana Gibson, which is to say that the pictures are vivid and well drawn. In Mr. Dana's circle, apparently, the men are all over six feet high, and of a nobility and slimmness that make the ordinary reviewer very envious. You may like sequels, or you may not, but if you read *The Prisoner of Zenda* you will need to read *Rupert of Hentzau*, which is full of pretty fighting and neat narrative. (J. W. Arrowsmith. 385 pp. 6s.)

A ROMANCE OF THE FIRST CONSUL.

By MATILDA MALLING.

The translation, by Anna Molboe, of a novel which first appeared a year or so ago in Copenhagen. It is the story of an imaginary episode in Napoleon's life, which yet might have been real: his love for a young and beautiful girl. The suit was vain, for the girl was not to be persuaded to sacrifice honour. In the end the girl drowns herself. (Heinemann. 228 pp. 6s.)

VIA LUCIS.

By KASSANDRA VIVARIA.

Kassandra Vivaria is the young lady about whom we have been reading so much of late—the authoress who will never see her book in print owing to the rigidity of the rules of the convent which she has entered. The story offers an impassioned analysis of the nature of an ardent and sincere, sensitive and emotional girl. Thus Arduina writes in her note-book: "Between unquestioning obedience to authority and absolute unbelief there is not a single permanent resting-place, though many temporary halts may be made." "Enough, enough! Is there such a word? The pain that is sent us and the joy we can feel are always susceptible of increase." "Via Crucis—Via Lucis—I like the proud motto. I have little taste for weeping-willows; they grow over tombs so often, and bring forth no fruit." The book, which is long, suggests that it is closely autobiographical. (Heinemann. 350 pp. 6s.)

A RUNAWAY COUPLE.

By OLIVER LOWREY.

This story, the publisher informs us, is in a new field, and in the course of development gives amusing and entertaining features of certain strata of New York society that were not touched on by the late Mr. Ward McAllister. Interviewers, Yellow journalists, aldermen, bar tenders, East-side belles—all figure here. "What kind of a time did ye have, Ceeley?" he asked. "Rocky," she answered." Such is the author's abrupt manner. Among the characters is a watch dog who "had his teeth buried in his lordship." (F. Tennyson Neeley. 454 pp.)

WILLOWBRAKE.

By R. MURRAY GILCHRIST.

This story by the author of *A Peakland Faggot* is laid in a country village and is full of the fragrance of village life and the charm of an old family mansion. A secret marriage and its resulting wrongs are the elements of the plot. Mr. Gilchrist's style is well suited to the story: "Then she drew from her store of legends old records of bravery and devotion. She had the high-pitched voice of the aristocrat—a thin, clear voice like the ring of bells in an echoing limestone tower. . . ." The Peakland dialect, and the Peakland scenery, are much in evidence. (Methuen & Co. 274 pp. 6s.)

NEW WINE, NEW BOTTLES.

By BATTIE HAWKINS.

Amateurish and extravagant enough to be amusing. "The Duchess of Kimbershire lay back in a yellow satin chair, and gazed idly out of her window in Park Lane; her hands were clasped upon

her knees; she was alone. . . . Her gown was grass-green silk, and on her fine bosom rested a bunch of crimson roses and buds; the colour of her cheeks was a faint reflection of the roses, while her splendid black eyes, arched black brows, and blacker hair, made the whiteness of her forehead a marvel. So lovely and popular, so sad and lonely, was the Duchess of Kimbershire." (Digby, Long & Co. 331 pp. 6s.)

A VALUABLE LIFE.

By ADELINE SERGEANT.

Miss Sergeant's new story is concerned with an old maid's money and the efforts made by various people to inherit it. Miss Kettlewell, the lady in question, may pass as a quaint character. In the first chapter she is interviewing the sixty-third applicant for the post of companion to herself. She engages her because Peter, her cat, though not friendly, does not actually swear at the applicant. A mammonish story. (F. V. White & Co. 296 pp. 6s.)

IDYLLS.

By M. MAUD HELLYER.

Fourteen allegorical sketches, in which there is little novelty, less art, and no offence. (Digby, Long & Co. 128 pp.)

THE SUMMER HOLIDAY.

By FLORENCE MARRYAT, AND OTHERS.

Five short stories for the sands. (Greening & Co. 102 pp. 1s.)

## REVIEWS.

*The Yellow Danger.* By M. P. Shiel.  
(Grant Richards.)

THE taste for prophetic fiction is acquired. Those who follow the advice of Sidney Smith and "take short views" will have none of it, and even others who find pleasure and excitement therein are bound to admit that the novelist is gaining his effects by something less than the best or most legitimate means. But leaving art out of the question, it is not possible to withhold commendation from Mr. Shiel. If this kind of romance is to be written, his, certainly, is a good way to write it. He has worked hard for credibility, and one can, in reading this story, now and then forget its "previosity" altogether. But, as we have hinted, there are higher forms of fiction.

The Yellow Danger is China. Dr. Yen How, a Chinese administrator, having weakened Europe by international strife for tracts of the Celestial Empire, floods the Continent with his countrymen. England is threatened—and saved. The saviour is a consumptive sailor named John Hardy, and if the book has any value beyond its efficacy as a beguiler of time, it is in Hardy's character that that value resides. Long and terrible imprisonment in China, under the orders of Yen How, has filled him with implacable revenge. Add to this passion real genius for naval warfare, an iron will, and the knowledge that his disease must soon cut him down, and you have a picturesque figure enough. The best portions of the book are those which describe Hardy's naval actions. Here Mr. Shiel is excellent company. With the assistance of plans, and a very lucid and forcible narrative gift, he makes the encounters perfectly conceivable. The book is punctuated with them, and they are of enthralling interest. People tired of the exiguous newspaper accounts of the engagement in the American-Spanish War will find positive refreshment in Mr. Shiel's full and convincing methods. This passage, though not, perhaps, the best, is the most quotable. John Hardy, as Admiral of the English Fleet, has first ordered no torpedoes to be used in the action, and then manœuvred to get the whole of the Chinese vessels in a mass.

The stages by which such a result was reached are admirably indicated. Then:

"And thus it has suddenly happened that the whole yellow fleet is packed into a mere bundle of ships whose crews can speak to each other, whose steersmen need be cautious to avoid collision.

And when Hardy sees them so—herded together by his harsh and baleful forethought—like sheep driven into the penfold—he knows that the yellow wave is dammed, and the greatest of his works is accomplished.

He could shriek aloud with cruel glee. . . .

Abroad roams his eye over the sea at his sinking and battered fleet. And as he looks he sees the foundering of the *Nile*.

And swift, with concentrated fury, the massed Japanese open fire upon his feeble residue.

At that moment the two limbs of the British are not more than three hundred yards from the front of the enemy.

And at that moment it is that an appalling, horrid, unparalleled thing is happening to the Yellow Men.

Hardy has signalled to his ships to launch among the crowding enemy every possible torpedo in his fleet.

His prohibition to use torpedoes in the combat had led his captains to expect some such final order. They were well ready.

The torpedo was, of course, the most deadly of the then instruments of war. If it exploded beneath a ship, *without fail* it destroyed her. But precisely the most deadly was also, in general, the most unreliable of weapons. In general it might be counted upon to explode, not beneath an enemy's ship, but beneath a friend's; or, more likely still, beneath nothing at all. No serious tactician depended upon it.

In other words, it was not a good engine of aim at a given target, for it usually missed the target. Its course was more or less deflected by the waves—many things happened to it.

It was left to the eye of Hardy to perceive that its proper function was not one of aim at all toward a particular target, but one of loose direction toward a general mass. Under such conditions it might be counted upon to annihilate in an instant all the assembled navies of the earth.

Prompt upon his order, the *restes* of his fleet, shattered as they were, were able to launch a ripping navy of nine more torpedoes than there were crowding Japanese and Chinese ships. The *Hirosaki* sent five: one from a bow-tube above the water-line, four submerged. All the other ships were ships with a varying number of tubes.

Three exploded in mutual collision before they reached the hostile fleet.

The rest arrived.

Men clapped and squeezed their hands upon their ears in expectant horror. The sea began to start, and rush, and quake. A swift series of venomous, behemoth bangs—*quickenings into ever madder swiftness*—and bawling at last into a steady brooding roar of passionate volleyed thunder that seemed to proceed from the very throat of Jehovah—rent the universal air, and split the hearing of all about that sea."

In his desire to lend verisimilitude to his narrative, Mr. Shiel has had recourse to various tricks. He shows us a performance at the Palace Music Hall with Miss Lottie Collins singing the praises of his hero; and, after the delivery of England, he quotes from the poems composed to celebrate the event by Mr. William Watson and Mr. John Davidson. To Mr. Francis Thompson fell the more distinguished part of prophesying the nature of the warfare of the future—*i.e.*, by aerial men-of-war! Mr. Shiel's parodies or imitations are not very successful, and in many parts of the story he has lost his sense of proportion and gone astray in the pursuit of irrelevance; but *The Yellow Danger* remains an exciting and persuasive romance, well worth packing up with one's holiday outfit.

\* \* \* \*

*Of Necessity.* By H. M. Gilbert.  
(John Lane.)

THE "young person" is so generously provided for in the common output of novels, that it is in itself no grave disparagement of Mr. Gilbert's work to say that it is not for her. These stories are strong studies of real phases of life. The squalid heroism that can ape affluence upon an empty belly; the stupid superstition that the unfortunate mother may recover her lost honour by linking herself finally to the unwilling brute that caused her shame; the hysterical pietism that rants at the street corner—these are some of Mr. Gilbert's motives; and though he treats them with a vigour that hardly evades the condemnation of violence, though they are in

themselves unsavoury or harrowing, it would be unjust to deny him the credit of at least partial achievement.

Samuel Winter was a lawyer's clerk, earning thirty-five shillings a week. He was honest as the day, genuinely religious, a prop of Sunday-schools. He married an empty-headed, vain, and perfectly prudent girl; and after putting by for the rent, their weekly income amounted to twenty-seven shillings.

"Don't talk to me about my lodgers and their meals!" cried Mrs. Hewitt, with a gesture of disgust.

"Have they finished that leg of mutton they bought Sadd'y fortnight, wasn't it? or are they saving it up for Christmas?" Mrs. Gibbs laughed boisterously.

"I've no patience with the mean lot," said the other. "Here they've been married nearly a year, and all the time they've been robbin' their bellies to cover their backs. Even now, if yawl believe me, Mrs. Gibbs, and I'm a-tellin' the livin' truth if I never stir from this cheer agin—even now, when she's near her time, she don't alter her food a bit. . . . And, d'you believe me, Mrs. Gibbs, that pound of tea they bought two weeks ago ain't gorn yet. . . . And they've left off oatmeal for breakfast; it use to be fillin', but it use to make blotches on their faces. So they've took to this 'ominy stuff. . . . And she only goes out at nights. Lord bless you! it wouldn't be respectable to be seen buyin' her snips and snaps by daylight. . . . And, good Gord A'mighty, to see 'em Sunday mornin's; you know what they look like—him in his best clothes, shiny pot 'at, jool'ry. . . . and she—well, you know what *she* looks like, with her fine ways and her waist like a wasp, choking herself and her child. . . . As I only says to my old man the las' Sunday as ever was—I says, as we saw 'em go out together. . . . I says, 'anybody'd think they'd had a good breakfast, and ud come back to a 'earty dinner, if it wasn't for their faces.'"

The cumulative effect of the details as the story goes squalidly on—with the birth of the infant and the death of its successors, the gradual estrangement of the pitiful pair through the sheer misery of masked famine, and at last the death of the sole surviving child, upon whom the father's affections had concentrated themselves—is as depressing as anything need be in this Vale. Of a more daring character is the unpleasant story, "An Elemental Passion." It is impossible to deny its effect, but it is the kind of effect, perhaps, that were better left unaffected. Mr. Gilbert is a writer of serious promise.

\* \* \* \*

*A Woman's Privilege.* By Marguerite Bryant.  
(Innes.)

THE privilege is the proverbial one, and Alleyne Sutherland exercised it. In the prologue she plighted herself conditionally to Adrian. Then the young man fared forth to make a fortune by diplomacy. Alleyne became a high-minded actress, and Richard Carroll wrote plays for her; together they piled up a high-minded friendship. Then a quarter of a million was left to Alleyne's father, and, failing him, to an uninteresting public purpose. To play the father's part, Francis Markham, the girl's cousin, procured a gentleman who had passed under the names of Furin and Lacon, and had been not wholly unconnected with a secret traffic in Oriental curios made in Birmingham. This person entered accordingly into the inheritance, but his vulgarity jarred every moment upon Alleyne's sensitive nerves.

"Miserable doubts of her own abilities began to creep with wily insidiousness [this phrase is characteristic of the style] into her mind. 'A true-born artist would rise superior to circumstances,' she said to herself. 'I cannot, so I am a parvenue—not unlikely either on the paternal side.'

. . . Mr. Sutherland found the handle and entered.

"My dear daughter," he began in his most paternal tones, "you have been working long enough. Take some relaxation."

Alleyne was about to remark her intention of seeking recreation in a novel, but refrained with a sigh.

"We will have a little talk in the twilight," continued her father. "Ah, how one missed this twilight in the East! not all the glory of an Egyptian night can compensate for it." It sounded like an extract from a book of travels."

The purport of the conversation was that it was her duty at once to marry her cousin, Francis Markham, the journalist; for this had been an item in the arrangement between the two schemers. The troubled heroine took refuge in a sham engagement to Carroll; and



the blameless pair waded to the neck in falsehoods. A doubt was thrown upon Mr. Sutherland's identity, and off went Carroll to Egypt by the next boat to make inquiries. At this point he takes up the narrative; a narrative of which these are some of the items: national risings; Arabi Pasha; a journey across the desert, including sand storm, mirage, thirst and delirium, treachery; platonic Oriental maids, murder, imprisonment, a Russian spy, self-depreciatory heroism—all sauced with a reminiscence of the Kipling jerk. At the last—when, it must be confessed, you are a little tired—a surprise, which we would not for the world betray. The construction is awkward, and the style is wordy to the point of such flagrant tautology as: "their mutual regard for one another"; but indulgent readers of limitless leisure will probably recommend it to their friends.

#### MRS. ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON IN EDINBURGH.

MRS. ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON, who has been visiting Edinburgh in company with her daughter, Mrs. Isobel Strong, and her son, Mr. Lloyd Osbourne, and Mrs. Lloyd Osbourne, has been interviewed by a representative of the *Edinburgh Evening Dispatch*.

"What about the old home at Samoa?" asked the interviewer, "around which so many memories cling?"

"Well," said Mrs. Lloyd Osbourne, "of course my mother has it still on her hands. We would like to sell it; and, as a matter of fact, we have got numerous offers for it. But we don't want to throw it away; and if a suitable price is not obtained, why we will just let it stand. But I think it is very likely we shall part with it soon. I left Samoa about fifteen months ago, and my mother and sister about seven months ago. The principal object my mother had in coming to this country was to assist Mr. Sydney Colvin, who, as is pretty well known, is writing the *Life* and editing the *Letters* of Stevenson. We have been in London for some time on this mission. You can quite understand that many delicate questions arise in connexion with the publication of letters which were written to private friends. Susceptibilities might be ruffled and feelings injured, unless the greatest care were taken; and Mr. Sydney Colvin is naturally very glad to have the assistance of Mrs. Stevenson in the task of selection."

"When will the *Life and Letters* be published?"

"Well, it is hoped they will be brought out in the end of 1899. They will be published by Methuen in this country in two vols., and will consist of 120,000 words of the *Life* and 240,000 of the *Letters*. I don't know if you have heard that Scribner has secured the right to publish one-third of the letters, before they appear in book form; and the first of them will appear in that magazine in January next, and the series will go on until the end of the year."

"Who were these letters chiefly addressed to—artists and men of letters?" "Well, Stevenson had not a wide circle of correspondents. He did not care about that, but those he had he frequently wrote to; and from his letters I should guess that a very good idea will be got of his daily life, avocations, feelings, and fancies. Among these correspondents I might mention Mr. W. E. Henley, Mr. Edmund Gosse, the late Mr. John A. Symonds, and Mr. Sydney Colvin himself received many letters. There were also the letters to his parents, and these have been put at the disposal of the editor."

"And what about your visit to Edinburgh?" "Well, it has been a sort of pious pilgrimage; and I need hardly say that we have all very much enjoyed it. We came chiefly to see Miss Balfour—Mr. Stevenson's favourite aunt—and being here, we have visited many scenes associated with Stevenson: Swanston Cottage, the Calton Hill and Burying-ground, Pilrig House, and Colinton Manse. We just left too little time to overtake all that we mapped out for ourselves in Edinburgh." "Yes," said Mrs. Strong, who had come into the room, "we were particularly interested in Swanston, and on the tree with Stevenson's name cut upon it we looked with some veneration. While there we verified one little disputed point. Stevenson had affirmed that Swanston could be seen from the Castle, and that was contested. Well, this week we were taken to a point just a little above the cottage, and we saw the Castle quite distinctly. Stevenson took great pains to be accurate with such facts as these when

writing his romances. We did discover one slip, and that was that the wall round the cottage was about six feet high and not twelve feet, as stated by Stevenson. But I guess," Mrs. Strong added, "it was a boyish recollection, and to a boy a wall six feet high appears a great height. Talking of the Castle," continued Mrs. Strong, "I am going there to-day to see over the dungeons. I may tell you that I acted in Samoa as Stevenson's amanuensis, and wrote out the whole of *St. Ives* to his dictation. *St. Ives*, you remember, was confined in the Castle; and I am looking forward with pleasure to seeing the dungeons in which he was imprisoned. When I was writing out *St. Ives* Stevenson would often interrupt the story to recount to me details of the history and topography of the Castle, every stone of which seems to have vividly impressed itself upon his memory."

"Where else have you been, Mrs. Strong?" "Well, I think I must tell you that my mother and I, with Mr. Porter, Mr. Burgess, and an Edinburgh friend, were at the Theatre Royal last night to see 'Rob Roy.' We thought we should like to witness the 'national drama'; and we all enjoyed it so much. We were specially charmed with the singing of 'Auld Lang Syne,' for Mr. Stevenson never gave an entertainment in Samoa without winding it up with 'Auld Lang Syne.' When I went home I wanted badly to try and dance 'The Highland Fling.'"

Questioning Mr. Lloyd Osbourne again, the reporter asked what he thought of the Stevenson memorial proposals?

"Well," said Mr. Lloyd Osbourne, "I had an interview this week in Edinburgh with the secretary of the committee. He was lamenting that more money had not been subscribed, but he thought many who had hitherto overlooked to send in their subscriptions would still do so. But on that point, of course, I have nothing to remark. I should like to say this, however, that we are very much gratified that the commission for the memorial has been placed in the hands of Mr. Saint-Gaudens. He is the ablest of American sculptors; he was trained in France, and he had the great advantage over all others of having known Mr. Stevenson personally. He met him in America in 1887 and 1888, and at that time got sittings for a medallion of Stevenson, which, by the way, I believe is exhibited this year in one of the Paris Salons. We think a great deal of it both as a representation of Mr. Stevenson and as a work of art; and the head, at all events, will, I understand, be used for the Edinburgh memorial. A rather curious incident occurred in connexion with a bronze casting of this medallion, which Mr. Saint-Gaudens sent from New York to Samoa. It had been misdirected; and we found out afterwards that it lay in store in Sydney for over six months, and was afterwards sold to help to pay storage dues for 3s. 2d. Who bought it, or where it went to, could never be discovered."

"Are you doing anything yourself just now in the literary way?" "Yes," said Mr. Lloyd Osbourne, "a few stories, one of which will appear in the next number of the *St. Nicholas* magazine."

#### MRS. LYNN LINTON.

To the *Pall Mall Gazette* of last Saturday Mr. Sidney Low contributed an appreciation of Mrs. Lynn Linton as a writer, which contains points of general interest to all who preach the profession of letters. For Mr. Low sketches a type as well as an individual, and his words on the dignity of Mrs. Lynn Linton's work as a journalist are worthy to be put on record.

"No one, I suppose, and least of all herself, would have contended that Mrs. Linton had a critical or exact knowledge of literature. But if not a scholar, she was a student; and it is a little painful to those of us who know what she thought and felt about books to see her dismissed with reproach to the bottom of the literary class as one who was merely shallow and ignorant. She had a reverence for the great writers as she had a reverence for most men and things that were honourable and worthy, and I am not sure that she might not claim to have received, or rather to have bestowed upon herself, a liberal education with a better title than some of her younger contemporaries who talk, and I dare say think, with a vast deal of seriousness about the art of literature and their own devotion to it. I believe Mrs. Linton was very ill acquainted with the writings of the more ephemeral authors of her own time; I imagine that several poets and numerous novelists rose to a certain eminence in certain

circles without attracting her regard; and I should even be prepared to learn that she was never fully awakened to the supreme poetic merit of the late Mr. Coventry Patmore. She was no critic, as she was no scholar. She read hastily, perhaps superficially, with more interest in what her author was saying than in the manner of his saying it. But read she did, and with the whole-hearted, full-blooded energy she threw into everything; and a woman who had her Dante, her Molière, her Shakespeare, her Dryden, and her Juvenal, if not at her fingers' ends, at any rate well within her reach, should not be called ignorant. Nor was she wholly irresponsible to the newer voices. She did, I fear, not care much for some of our Minor Poets, but she was an enthusiastic admirer of Mr. Barrie, and other of the younger men whose work showed sincerity and power; and I know she had by heart many hundreds of Mr. Rudyard Kipling's vigorous verses.

In truth, her business was not so much with literature as with Life. She was always more anxious to strike for what she deemed the right cause than to minister to the æsthetic susceptibilities of her readers. She felt, like Lowell, the stirrings and strivings of the moralist breaking through 'the soft-stuffed repose' of literary ease and meditation; and with Lowell, she might have said of her studies:

'These still had kept me, could I but have quelled  
The Puritan drop that in my veins rebelled.

And I must twist my little gift of words  
Into a scourge of rough and knotted cords,  
Unmusical, that whistle as they swing,  
To leave on shameless backs their purple sting.'

Let me notice one other admirable trait. In an age of self-advertisement and of petty mutual admiration Mrs. Linton asked for no favours, and sought no success that was to be gained by unworthy means. She did not condescend to the arts of the log-roller and the devices of the personal paragraphist; she did not puff herself or ask others to do it for her, and she sternly resented those attempts to invade the privacy of domestic life which it is rather the fashion of literary people of a later generation to encourage. She got her living by journey-work, well done according to her lights, and asked no more than to receive a fair reward for her day's toil under the rain and sun. There were those who scoffed at her facile un-elaborated journalism. But to some of us the spectacle of the old lady's steady, untiring industry at an age when many women would be content to gossip over the tea-cups was eloquent and inspiring. Her work, says your critic, is forgotten; she leaves nothing that will endure. It may be so. The work of most of those who live by the trade of letters—save only that of a picked and most fortunate few—is soon washed over by the flood. But we need not carp dispraise at a writer because the rarer gifts were denied her. It is something to have lived the literary life through half a century, strenuously, industriously, and with unflinching honesty; to have laboured without stint, spoken 'without regard to persons,' and feared neither men nor gods nor priests nor—critics. And surely her friends are justified in thinking that in so doing she did good service to her generation and to the craft of authorship, which should be remembered to her honour now that her strenuous days are done and the gentle, kindly, indomitable spirit has entered into its rest."

#### MRS. LYNN LINTON'S FRIENDSHIPS.

MRS. LYNN LINTON did not write her reminiscences; but, had she done so, they would have been interesting.

"Something ought to be said, writes 'Claudius Clear' in the *British Weekly*, of the remarkable friendships in her [Mrs. Lynn Linton's] life. Of these, out of sight the most wonderful, was that with

#### WALTER SAVAGE LANDOR.

Mrs. Linton very frankly admitted that her temper was difficult as well as Landor's, but she soon understood him, and was careful never to cross him. She thought that this association with one whom she loved, revered, and had to give way to was not bad discipline, and she recalled with tender thankfulness the fact that never for

one moment was there the smallest friction between her dear 'father,' as she called him, and herself—never one moment of coolness or displeasure or misunderstanding. As most men would do in the circumstances, Landor met her half-way, and when in Bath gave her a whole season of balls, chaperoning her as if he had been her real father. He could have done nothing more unselfish, nothing more generous and kind. Of Landor she had the highest opinion, though she saw his faults. In his own life, he told her, he had had four supreme loves, loves which shaped and coloured his life both for good or evil, but he was never a man of coarse tastes or gross passions. In all this part of his history and nature, both in youth and maturity, he was emphatically the poet and the gentleman. No doubt Mrs. Linton should have written Landor's life, but Forster ousted her. It is not too much to say that Mrs. Linton hated Forster, whom she regarded as pompous, heavy, ungenial, saturnine, and cynical, and one of the most jealous of men. She regarded Forster's *Life of Landor* as treacherous and disloyal, and took great delight in thinking of her terrible review of it—one of the most pungent pieces of criticism ever written. She also knew

#### DICKENS

fairly well. Gadshill, Dickens's ultimate home, belonged to Mr. Lynn, Mrs. Linton's father. It was sold after Mr. Lynn's death to Dickens for £1,700. On the whole, Mrs. Linton liked and respected Dickens. He was bright, and gay, and winsome, a strong and faithful friend, and especially one who declined to be lionised, who stuck to his own order, who knew that the biggest lion of the class 'not born' is never received as an equal by the aristocracy. His great fault, in her opinion, was the strain of hardness in his nature. His pride was passionate, and he never forgave where he thought he had been slighted, and he was too proud and self-respecting for flunkeyism. In the latter years of his life no one could move him, although he was as staunch and loyal a friend as ever lived; and, thanks to that strain of inflexibility, he never knew a shadow of turning, never blew hot and cold in a breath.

#### THACKERAY

she liked even better. She regarded him as generous, indolent, loving, tender-hearted, and very flexible. She knew the secret history of both these eminent men as few did, but never would put it in print. Both men, she said, could and did love deeply, passionately, madly, and the secret history of their lives has yet to be written. It will never be written now, and it is best that it should not be.

Another acquaintance, who was hardly a friend, was

#### GEORGE ELIOT.

She met her first at John Chapman's, and thought her underbred and provincial, badly dressed, unwashed, unbrushed, unkempt, and conceited. Yet I know a man who lived under John Chapman's roof while George Eliot was there for two years, and whose admiration for her was unbounded, who says to this day that he could out of his experience answer everything that has ever been said against her. At first, however, she admitted George Eliot was frank, genial, natural, and brimful of happiness, but success and adulation spoilt her, and destroyed all simplicity and all sincerity of character. She never threw aside the trappings or the airs of the benign Sibyl. No doubt Mrs. Lynn Linton was the very last person who would submit to be talked down to or patronised in any fashion. . . .

#### OTHER FRIENDS.

She knew the Stricklands. She described Elizabeth, the worker, as homely, unsocial, devoted, while Agnes was the caressed and fêted butterfly. Elizabeth did all the toiling in the British Museum, and Agnes took all the credit and all the fame. She also remembered Mrs. Schimmelpenninck, who met sorrow in her time and preached quietism. Miss Lynn met her at a moment when she was full of youthful grief and despair. Mrs. Schimmelpenninck spoke to her words of quietness and renunciation, to which she turned a deaf ear and a revolted heart, but of which the truth came to her later, perhaps too late, and yet not too late. Mrs. Lynn Linton certainly died un subdued. Was it because she was unsubduable or because, after all, she had found something sweet and tender in life?"



SATURDAY, JULY 30, 1898.

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## NOTES AND NEWS.

IN last week's *Illustrated London News*, as our readers are aware, "C. K. S." suggested that Stevenson's house should be removed from Samoa to Edinburgh. This we took to be a joke. For the benefit, however, of those who are disposed to take the suggestion seriously, we have been informed by one who has stayed at Vailima, and knows it well, that such removal, if attempted, would be fraught with considerable difficulty. The following array of facts will sufficiently explain why: the house cost, in timber alone—the finest Californian red wood—about £3,000; and the dining-room is fifty feet long, twenty-five broad, and fifteen high, and is capable of seating a considerable dining club. It will thus be seen that the Edinburgh ground rent involved would speedily swallow the funds already subscribed towards the Stevenson memorial.

UNFORTUNATELY we misread "C. K. S." It seems that he did mean it seriously; that he does really desire to see Vailima purchased (for some £700 or £800), removed to this country, and set up (at a cost of some £200) in an accessible site. So be it. We will never suspect "C. K. S." of humour again.

MEANWHILE as a new form of homage to Stevenson we may mention that a little Stevenson book is being now devised for the faithful by Mr. Lloyd Osbourne. It is to be bound in white vellum with a flap and fastening, suited in size for the pocket. The pages are few, but therein will be found certain sentences from Stevenson's writings which bear upon the conduct of life. On the back will be the initials R. L. S., on the flap is a place for the owner's name; and *Selections from the Writings of Robert Louis Stevenson* may be the title. It might be crisper.

MR. G. N. CURZON'S *Problems of the Far East* is so well known that it seems a pity Mr. Henry Norman, in the new edition of his *Peoples and Politics of the Far East*, should have altered the title to *People and Problems of the Far East*. These are difficult times for booksellers, and as bookbuyers are proverbially careless, it behoves authors, in choosing or changing titles, to avoid any possible confusion with other works.

Two new contributions to the Shakespeare v. Bacon controversy in one week. Mr. Elliot Stock sends us a pamphlet by Mr. E. Marriott, who is honourably on the side of the angels, and now in the new *Quarterly Review* another gladiator among the same ranks falls upon the supporters of Verulam. He lays about him stoutly, this *Quarterly Reviewer*, and really his summary of the situation ought to be the end of the whole business. One by one the Baconian arguments are answered. The scholarship in the plays, for instance? But, says the *Quarterly Reviewer*, the plays have not scholarship: they have knowledge, which is a different matter. And the terminology of special branches—the legal and medical lore—is "not beyond the 'general information' which genius inevitably amasses from reading, conversation, reflection, and experience." Look at Mr. Kipling—a case in point. The example is well chosen. The *Quarterly Reviewer*, however, does not add that Mr. Kipling's head is curiously like Shakespeare's in contour. Possibly he feared that in so doing he might turn the anti-Shakespeareans into yet another channel of denial!

THUS the *Quarterly Reviewer* on another point:

"It is necessary to show that Bacon possessed poetic genius. The proof cannot possibly be found in his prose works. In the prose of Mr. Ruskin there are abundant examples of what many respectable minds regard as poetic qualities. But, if the question arose, 'Was Mr. Ruskin the author of Tennyson's poems?' the answer could be settled, for once, by internal evidence. We have only to look at Mr. Ruskin's published verses. These prove that a great writer of 'poetical prose' may be at the opposite pole from a poet. In the same way, we ask, what are Bacon's acknowledged compositions in verse? . . . One piece of verse attributed to Bacon, a loose paraphrase of a Greek epigram, has won its way into *The Golden Treasury*. Apart from that solitary composition, the verses which Bacon 'prepared' were within the powers of almost any educated Elizabethan. They are on a level with the lyrics of Mr. Lecky or the rhymes of Mr. Ruskin. It was only when he wrote as Shakespeare that Bacon wrote as a poet."

FINALLY—and this is enough—the prophets and guides of the "less than half educated" who form the backbone of the Baconian party are concretely set down. Thus the Baconians prefer, in the matter of authority, "Miss Delia Bacon (whom we pity rather than blame), and Mr. Smith, who 'can hardly allow himself to speak on the subject—it excites him too much'—to Mr. Furness and Mr. Sidney Lee. They prefer Mr. Donnelly, with his Saxo in Danish, and his Dares in Greek, and Mr. Holmes,

with his Twickenham in full view of Whitehall, and his 'Hellene' of Euripides, to Mr. Spedding and Dr. Brandes. Finally, they prefer General Butler, of beloved memory, and Mr. Atkinson, who writes in the *Spiritualist*, to Mr. Swinburne, and Mr. Bucke to Ben Jonson. Such people are not to be argued with."

A *Chamberlain Birthday Book* has now been added to the store of birthday books, which every year augments. Mr. Arrow-smith is the publisher, and it is not an authorised production. The preface—signed "N. or M. (as the case may be)"—is distinctly mischievous. "More than a dozen years ago," it runs, "when Mr. Chamberlain was the rising hope of stern unbending Radicalism, there was published under his authority a volume of his public speeches. It has long been out of print." The *Birthday Book* therefore endeavours to some extent to supply its place.

THE result is a series of pronouncements on various men and various subjects calculated, when taken in connexion with the facts printed on the opposite pages, to embroil Mr. Chamberlain with his new companions on the Conservative side of the House. Thus, against this sentence from a recent speech by Lord Salisbury: "Mr. Chamberlain is the spokesman of our party," we find the statement, from an 1885 speech of Mr. Chamberlain's: "This is Toryism all over. It is cynical, it is obstructive, it is selfish, it is incapable." And so on. A little of such humour goes a long way, and we were thoroughly tired of the book after a very brief study of it. However, to those who view any change of opinion with disfavour, it should afford sweet entertainment.

HIS HONOUR JUDGE PARRY, who is now suffering from the effects of pistol shots at Manchester, is as well known by children in his capacity of story-teller as he is well known on the Bench. His *Katawampus*, and the volumes that have succeeded it, are nursery books written in the most genial of high spirits.

THERE are now to be seen at the South Kensington Museum, in one of the galleries of the South Court, three designs of great interest by the late Sir Edward Burne-Jones, Bart. Two of them were purchased at the sale at Messrs. Christie's on Saturday, July 16. The most important work is the design for the mosaic of the Tree of Life in the American Episcopal Church of St. Paul, Rome. This was painted in 1892, and the glass mosaic was produced by Salviati, of Venice, in the following year. In the centre is the outstretched figure of our Lord before the Tree of Life; Adam stands on the left, and Eve, with the infants Cain and Abel, is on the right. Beneath is the following quotation from the Vulgate version of the Bible: "In mundo pressuram habebitis; sed confidite, ego vici mundum" (St. John xvi. 33).

THE water-colour drawing of the symbols of the Evangelists, a design for portion of a

stained glass window at Castle Howard, was also acquired at the same sale. The third design is due to the liberality of Mr. C. Fairfax Murray, who presented to the Museum a model, showing the scheme of the mosaic decoration in the apse of the same church in Rome. The subject represents the Heavenly Jerusalem. To the right are the three archangels Michael, Raphael, and Zophiel, and to the left the archangels Chemuel and Gabriel, the place for Azazel (or Azrael) being vacant. Above is a company of angels, and beneath are the four rivers of Paradise. The model has, unfortunately, been somewhat damaged in transit from Rome, so that the two figures, probably Zadkiel and Uriel, in the outside arches, are wanting.

It is extraordinary how differently certain books are acted upon by the passage across the Atlantic. Some set out from this country full of good spirits, with the best of credentials to support them against *mal de mer*, and behold, when they reach America they are dispirited and useless. Others are so invigorated by the Atlantic air that they leave our shores but poor things, and arriving, take America by storm. Thus *Trilby* had to drink in the ocean air before she really "felt her feet," so to say, while *Quo Vadis*, voyaging East, lost all its fascination on the way.

THESE remarks are suggested by the *Nation's* review of Mr. Bernard Shaw's *Plays*, which some critics in the country have thought clever work—in some respects, marvellously clever work. The *Nation*, however—and the *Nation* is the most deliberate of the American reviews—will have none of him. Here are passages from the *Nation's* estimate:

"After reading the seven plays which make up these two volumes of Mr. Shaw, the remaining impression is one of mingled melancholy and indignation at the spectacle of so much wasted natural ability and perverted talent. . . .

They are read for the sake of the sparkling sayings and amusing conceits which abound in them, and are then forgotten as easily as last night's fireworks. . . .

The most obvious commentary upon all these plays is their curious, almost comical, indifference to the truth of life; not so much with regard to the deeper or more subtle influences and motives which actuate humanity, but in the everyday conduct and carriage of men and women, of the suggested types, in the situations and circumstances devised for them. . . .

In publishing these plays he [G. B. S.] has furnished amusement for a lazy hour or two, has demonstrated the futility of mere will-o'-the-wisp brilliancy, and provided the amplest justification of the managers who declined to invest money in them."

On the other hand, *Rupert of Hentzau* is being received with open arms. Of its climax the *New York Tribune* says that Mr. Hope has "wreaked himself" upon it "with a tact that is perhaps the best thing in the book."

THE list of issues of Mr. Marion Crawford's *Mr. Isaacs*, printed at the beginning of the new sixpenny edition, gives a sound idea of that novelist's popularity. This is the

tale: First edition, November, 1882; reprinted January, February, March (twice), May, July, August (twice), and October, 1883; April and July, 1884; January and March, 1885; and 1886, 1887, 1888, 1889, 1890, 1891, 1892, and 1895; sixpenny edition, 1898.

MR. CONAN DOYLE, in his entertaining story of the desert, *The Tragedy of the Korosko*, spoke of the Tremont Presbyterian Church at Boston, U.S.A. For this, as we have shown, he was taken in hand by a correspondent of the *Book Buyer* and castigated. There are no Presbyterian churches in Boston, said the critic. Yet now comes the Boston *Literary World* to Mr. Doyle's relief with the reassuring statement that there are no fewer than nine Presbyterian churches there after all.

A BOOK is even now being prepared for America which, with every feeling of respect for the great Englishman who has just died, we cannot anticipate with pleasure. The work will be entitled *Poems on the late Mr. Gladstone*, and will contain the effusions of nearly three hundred authors. Think of it—nearly three hundred authors.

THE teaching, or at least explanation, of humour has not yet taken its place in the average school curriculum. But why not? says Mr. Colclough in the preface to the edition of Washington Irving's *Bracebridge Hall* which he has prepared for Messrs. Browne & Nolan, of Dublin. Why not, indeed? Except that if the work chosen is a very excellent one, there is danger that it may be spoiled ever after for the scholars who are let loose upon it. But *Bracebridge Hall* is just the book for the purpose. Mr. Colclough, who is an Examiner in English under the Intermediate Education Board for Ireland, says:

"In this connexion it may fairly be asked, Why should the humour of such books as *The Spectator*, *The Citizen of the World*, *The Sketch-Book*, and *Bracebridge Hall* be left out of account in the oral instruction of the young? Why should these 'classics' be used in too many of our great schools as if they were so many dry catalogues of allusions or bleak blue-books of names and facts? Take the humour away from such a book as *The Spectator*, and what is left? Humour is its soul, its life's essence, the charter of its existence, the *merum sal* that keeps it sweet. Nor can it be argued that the subject of humour in all its forms, any more than the subject of style in all its moods and tenses, is above the comprehension of small boys and little women. He was a great educationist who said, 'You cannot teach a child too soon how to think.' And when the ripple of delighted surprise, or the burst of merry laughter, is provoked in the class-room, why should not the children of the most humorous and quick-witted people in the world [the Irish] be trained to analyse their emotions and feelings, and to give a rational explanation of what it is that has afforded them enjoyment, and whence it comes?"

GLANCING through the pages of *Bracebridge Hall* itself we came upon the following passage:

"I have since pondered much on this matter, and have figured to myself what may be the

fate of our current literature when retrieved piecemeal by future antiquaries from among the rubbish of ages. What a Magnus Apollo, for instance, will Moore become among sober divines and dusty schoolmen! Even his festive and amatory songs, which are now the mere quickeners of our social moments or the delights of our drawing-room, will then become matters of laborious research and painful collation. How many a grave professor will then waste his midnight oil, or worry his brain through a long morning, endeavouring to restore the pure text or illustrate the biographical hints; and how many an arid old bookworm, like the worthy little parson, will give up in despair, after vainly striving to fill up some fatal hiatus."

The prophet was probably at fault here. Anacreon Moore will never, we fancy, stir again sober divine or dusty schoolman. Anacreon Moore is dead. As biographer of Byron, as the author of Irish songs and melodies, Moore may still have a future; but not as Anacreon.

To our "Book Reviews Reviewed" concerning "Zack's" *Life is Life* may be added Mr. Lang's estimate in the "Sign of the Ship": "People seem to like their novels muddy now, judging by the praises bestowed on 'Zack's' book, *Life is Life*. The stories run strong, I admit—very strong—and 'flasker about' on the water (as a MS. note in an old fishing book of 1680 puts it); but the flavour, I think, is muddy, and, for one, I don't like them muddy."

MR. LESLIE STEPHEN has appeared in a new rôle. At all events, the printer in a penny weekly review is responsible for making Mr. Stephen join the overcrowded ranks of amateur photographers. His *Studies of a Biographer* has become *Studies of a Photographer*.

It is generally understood by British smokers that the Arcadia Mixture which is eulogised by Mr. Barrie in *My Lady Nicotine* is to be acquired at a certain shop in Wardour-street (where once, it is also understood, Prince Florizel of Bohemia, trading as Mr. Godall, sold tobacco) under the name of the Craven Mixture. Yet here is an advertisement from an American paper:

"YOU may not be worthy to smoke the 'ARCADIAN MIXTURE.'"

—J. M. B.—, in 'My Lady Nicotine.'

Send 25 cents for sample to

THE SUBBRUG CO., 37 Dey Street, N.Y. City."

The London tobacconist who supplies the Craven Mixture is a Spaniard. Can this competition be another feature of the war?

ON the authority of the *Johannesburg Times* a book of "Reminiscences" is about to appear by an author whose personality is "known throughout the length and breadth of South Africa." They know things in South Africa that we do not know here, for the famous personality is that of Ike Sonnenberg, a gentleman who hitherto has contrived to elude our vigilance. According to the *Free State Express*, "if anything ever started an epoch, a book by Ike Sonnenberg will." We await this work with impatience.



## CORYDON'S BOOKCASE.

THE question is this: Suppose a man (or woman) were going yachting, or fishing, or living in some remote out-of-the-world corner—an isle in the stormy Orcaes; a remote Irish village; a cottage among the hills—intent to live for a time in open air and solitude, what books would he choose as companions? Further, as he could not carry a whole library on his back, a score of volumes would be the maximum. What would they consist of?

In trying to answer, I pretend to offer no cast-iron list. The taste of the individual counts for everything; and the frank and honest way is not to say this, and this, and this, are the best, but, these I have loved: they have proved good companions to me, and, so far, I recommend them. Even then to write out a mere catalogue would be of small avail. The reader naturally asks, What did you look for? was it serious study or mere enjoyment? But it would be absurd to name a list of books to anyone who is retiring with a grave object in view. When we play at being Corydon, our books are selected only because they are good company. For this reason all complete works shall be excluded. Shakespeare himself must submit to the operation of being picked and chosen from. True, he is such an open-air, sky-loving bard, that if one were compelled to choose a solitary writer, his plays would hold the first place "by streets." But as the pleasantest companion is apt to prove a bore in a walking tour, wherein the most agreeable conversations usually occur with strangers met in inn or highway, so the greatest of poets will pall if read to the exclusion of all others. Yet I like to take with me one play, bound so that it may withstand pocket wear; and sometimes, when "the take is off," to draw it forth and read a page as one sits on a boulder by the burnside while the lordly summer clouds float across the sky, and water gurgles, and pure mountain air blows. There is usually some difficulty about making a final choice, but it is between three—*As You Like It*, *The Tempest*, and *Cymbeline*, and the first is favourite. There are heroines of fiction more beautiful and more striking, but there is none more lovable than Rosalind, none more womanly. With me she has held a place absolutely first since ever our acquaintance began. And those days in Arden! The twinkle of leaves, the loose and melancholy boughs, the shadows and half-lights of grove and glade! *As You Like It* stands first in the bookcase of Corydon. Yet I like to keep *Cymbeline* lying about—it has so many tender and lovely passages; and if anyone asserts *The Tempest* to be more perfect than either, the assertion will not be contradicted. Mine is a heart's choice rather than a head's.

If we may not carry the works of Shakespeare, still less are we able to lug all Scott with us. From him, too, without difficulty, I select one, *The Antiquary*. Pray understand that love and not judgment is speaking. It is the sunshine of this book, the ripeness of the humour and the homeliness of the characters that prevail. Like all the Waverley novels—with the exception,

perhaps, of *Ivanhoe*—it has many defects: the Dousterswivel business, for instance, is not well done, but Edie and Oldbuck would atone for more than this. And though Scott appears to be only playing with the humour of the eighteenth century, the romantic element in his mind colours this book far more than a first reading would lead one to suppose. The influence is to be felt rather than seen. It is the same hand that awakened the Harp of the North, the same enchantress framed the spell.

In a rapture of enthusiasm I once carried *The Ring and the Book* to the seaside, determined there and then to pierce its secret. There were many idle, rainy days, too, but somehow when I wanted to read I turned to old almanacs, local directories, the *History of Josephus*, some bound volumes of *Good Words*, and the other oddments that lie in a boarding-house. Browning would not get himself read at any price. He is of the town, and those problems of humanity that are only too enthralling when we are under the magnetic influence of great cities, and feel the stress and throb of millions, lose interest when only a blue sky lies over the green and tumbling earth. Many and many a graphic verse, many a sympathetic phrase, prove Browning's worship of the open air; but still he is not for country reading. Tennyson, on the other hand, seems ever to develop more beauty when he is read face to face with the material he worked on. And then, be it remembered, he taught us how to look at Nature. We who have been fed on his verse from childhood are not fully conscious of the influence he has exercised. I am afraid, too, it will be necessary to take him complete. No selection that will suit our purpose has been made; and those exquisite bits with which one loves to refresh the memory are scattered up and down. But if a choice must be made, it shall be the volume containing "The Lotos-Eaters," a poem to be read under the beeches when the thermometer is at 90° in the shade and the bees are droning among the heather.

Next to Tennyson comes Robert Herrick. None possess more fully than he the three great essentials of a poet to be read out of doors—richness, warmth, melody. Indeed, it would be better to leave out Milton than Herrick, for Milton chiefly stirs your admiration and needs to be studied rather than read. Of other poets we must have Keats and George Herbert—the one for voluptuous hours among the roses; the other when the fair fresh world produces a more austere mood.

"Sweet rose, whose hue angrie and brave  
Bids the rash gazer wipe his eye;  
Thy root is ever in its grave  
And thou must die."

I never could read Burns in the open air. He seems always to have a crowd of people round him, and not to possess that solitude of mind which distinguishes Herbert murmuring his lay, not by any running brook, but in a crowd. The songs of Burns were made to be sung; their best impression is produced in a company, and even his longer pieces gain by being read aloud and interspersed with rough-and-ready criticism. No, highly as we esteem the ploughman bard,

he has to be excluded. To keep him company other two poets shall be left out—Shelley and Mr. Swinburne; why, it would be hard to explain, save by the bald assertion that experience is not in their favour.

Verse frankly acknowledged inferior to theirs will be chosen. I have no great love of anthologies, but one, the *Lyra Elegantiarum* of the late Mr. Locker-Lampson, is excepted. Not too grave and not too gay, a collection of whim and fancy set in humour and tenderness, it is a delightful book to dip into. And some of its contents have, as it were, wormed themselves into the heart, such as the delightful verses of Thackeray's "Pen," "Although I enter not, yet round about the spot"; and the clever things that appeared in the *Anti-Jacobin*, when Canning and Frere were contributors—"Sweet kerchief checked with heavenly blue," and the rest. It gives also an excellent selection from Præd, with his ever pleasant and airy touch, and his incomparable pictures of the squires and vicars who inhabited the earth in days anterior to the introduction of steam. Curious it is to-day as you see the well-groomed rector emerge from the rebuilt or restored rectory to contrast him with his predecessor:

"Who wrote, too, in a quiet way  
Small treatises and smaller verses,  
And sage remarks on chalk and clay,  
And hints to noble lords—and nurses.  
True histories of last year's ghost,  
Lines to a ringlet or a turban,  
And trifles for the *Morning Post*,  
And nothings for Sylvanus Urban."

*Lyra Elegantiarum* shall have an honoured niche in the bookcase in readiness to yield us at any time the cream of many a poet whose entire works are out of the question—Sir John Suckling and George Wither, Davenant, Carew and Barham. Strangely enough, the pieces culled from the most popular poets of their day are the poorest of the contents. Byron and Moore have given place to contemporaries who were comparatively unknown.

Three other poetry books would be admitted—*The Canterbury Tales*, *The Fairy Queen*, and Blake's *Songs of Innocence*. Perhaps at the end one might wish for another shelf or two, so as to have a place for Arnold, Rossetti, and some other moderns; but it is not a great library we are furnishing, and there is room for but one addition, a book of old ballads, one that shall contain "Sir Patrick Spens," "The Border Widow," "The Nut-brown Maid," and a few more like them.

Of prose, in addition to the *Antiquary*, I would like a few of "the large still books," as Tennyson called those which were written in the eighteenth century. For the fault which librarians and publishers find with the fiction of to-day is a crime in the eyes of Corydon—it is that the writers appear to calculate only on one reading. The fret and fever of modern life is upon them, and while there are scores of clever men and women capable of turning out fiction that fascinates at first, there is scarcely one that will stand a second reading after the mystery of the plot is solved and the excitement abated. Now I follow the crowd when in town, and am

grateful to every inventor of a new shudder; but it is otherwise in the country. There the tranquil leisure of an older style is more welcome. To open *Clarissa Harlowe* or *Tom Jones* is like entering upon a vast estate with a great variety of landscape—wooded knoll and hollow, dale, and rivulet and hill. I would certainly have these, and although the study of Smollett is useful in the main to show by contrast the excellence of Fielding's style, *Humphrey Clinker* may well be added. Joining our own time to that comes Jane Austen, and her *Pride and Prejudice* is unhesitatingly chosen. In its delicate workmanship and invention you shall find the best Miss Austen was capable of. It was the first and most beautiful flower of her genius.

When we come to our own writers there is hesitation in regard to the choice. *Pickwick* is the only one of Dickens to be permitted. The others have plenty of merit, but not of a kind to be appreciated in the open air. It has a taint of fever. To extract the essence of Dickens you must shut yourself in a small room with a hot fire and flaring gas; not among the cool woodland shadows will you ever appreciate him to the full. From George Eliot we select *Silas Marner*; the breeze and sunshine will not tolerate the morbid hopelessness of the rest. Now we enter a crowd in which selection would be difficult if it were not that we simply state a preference and make not the slightest pretence of giving an authoritative judgment. *Far from the Madding Crowd*, then, and *Lorna Doone* and Stevenson's *Merry Men* are those which shall be added, without any attempt at justifying the selection.

Well, a single space on the shelf is all that is left, and to whom shall it be given? Not a book of essays has been mentioned, and this is what we have to add. But the choice? Shall it be Bacon, with that famous word-picture of a garden? Or the *Spectator*, to give in prose what the *Lyra Elegantiarum* offers in verse? Or a bit of Dean Swift's vigorous English? No, if the number is to be rigidly adhered to, all these will be left at home on their shelves. There are two other books between which we hesitate. First, there is the work of him who is the father of such as write *en pleine air* and word-paint field and river and hedgerow, even the worthy Izaak Walton. Him I esteem greatest of his craft, immeasurably beyond White of Selborne, Thoreau, Jefferies, or their host of imitators. But from a corner *Elia* has been all this time smiling in his own droll, sad way, knowing that on no account would he be left behind, that this tome and the other might be fingered and lifted and talked of, but that in the end he would be secure.

And so Corydon's list is complete. I have no doubt that everyone who reads would have filled the shelf with different books, and, indeed, it would be sad if we all thought in the same way and had no freedom of opinion. Yet this list has the value that attaches to every faithfully recounted bit of human experience. They have been the comfort and solace of one man, and, doubtless, there are others to whom they will administer the same help. Each and all have been carried with me on long excursions

into a wild and solitary country, where there was not another house within miles, and the only sounds were those emitted by the grouse beeking in the heather and the sheep bleating on the hillside. And I wish my friend may have no worse companions.

For convenience sake I draw up in the form of a list the contents, as they have been stated, of Corydon's bookcase:

1. Shakespeare, *As You Like It*.
2. Scott, *The Antiquary*.
3. Tennyson, *The Lady of Shalott*, and *Other Poems* (the *Lotos-Eaters* included).
4. Robert Herrick, *The Hesperides*.
5. Keats, *Poems*.
6. George Herbert, *The Temple*.
7. Locker-Lampson, *Lyra Elegantiarum*.
8. Chaucer, *Canterbury Tales*.
9. Blake, *Songs of Innocence*.
10. Spenser, *Fairy Queen*.
11. Fielding, *Tom Jones*.
12. Smollett, *Humphrey Clinker*.
13. Richardson, *Clarissa Harlowe*.
14. Jane Austen, *Pride and Prejudice*.
15. George Eliot, *Silas Marner*.
16. A Book of Ballads.
17. Hardy, *Far from the Madding Crowd*.
18. Blackmore, *Lorna Doone*.
19. Stevenson, *Merry Men*.
20. Charles Lamb, *Essays of Elia*.

#### THE BODLEIAN LIBRARY.

IN Mr. Wells's little book on *Oxford and its Colleges*, of which a new edition has just reached us, there is an interesting chapter on the great Library of Oxford, which in the eyes of the world is the most famous of her institutions. It is the oldest public library in Europe, and its history is a curious mirror of the history of the nation. The most famous Englishmen have been benefactors, and it bears traces in some way or other of practically every great public event. A reforming commission in the reign of Edward VI. scattered its treasures. The Civil Wars and the residence of the Court in Oxford made its fortunes for the moment doubtful, but ultimately Royalist and Parliamentarian vied in safeguarding its interest. Then in the last century came the building of the Radcliffe Camera in the middle of the Radcliffe Square—from the designs of Gibbs, an Aberdeen architect. At first it contained a scientific library, but about the middle of the present century it was turned into a reading-room, where the more modern books are kept—which may be regarded as a wonderful concession to base modern needs on the part of an ancient institution.

The oldest part of the Bodleian proper is just over the Divinity School, where the collection of Duke Humphrey of Gloucester was housed. The roof was part of Sir Thomas Bodley's work, and the huge buttresses in Exeter Gardens were a suggestion of Sir Christopher Wren. It is a beautiful room, "far removed," as the old University records put it, "from any worldly noise." But in a sense the real founder of the present Library was the man from whom it takes its name, Sir Thomas Bodley. His *Life*, written by

himself and published some years after his death, was issued privately in a reprint some years ago by Mr. Lane. In the quaint words of the Preface:

"It favours not the language of our age, that hath the Art to murther with a smile, and fold a curse within a prayer, but speaks the Rhetoric of that better world, where virtue was the garbe, and truth the complement."

He was a Fellow of Merton, Proctor, and Public Orator; then he went into diplomacy, and for many years was in the thick of European complications. In his old age he

"concluded at the last to set up his staff at the Library doore in Oxford, being thoroughly persuaded that he could not busy himself to better purpose, than by reducing that place (which then in every part lay ruined and waste) to the publique use of Students."

In 1600 the new Library was open, and Sir Thomas succeeded in inducing the Stationers' Company to promise to present every book which they printed. He died in 1612, "his pure soule," to quote an inimitable note at the end of his *Life*,

"having attain'd the freedome of its owne divinity; leaving his borrow'd earth, the sad remainder of innocence and frailty, to be deposited in Merton Colledge: Who had the happinesse to call his Education hers, and to be intrusted with so deare a Pledge of immortality."

The Bodleian was now firmly established and continued to grow with amazing speed. James I. described the founder as Sir Thomas Godly, and sent a copy of his works—a gift which the librarian of the time thought calculated to cheer the soul of Sir Thomas in the other world. Queen Elizabeth sent a translation of Ochino's *De Christo*; Milton presented a copy of his *Poems*, which narrowly missed being lost in the last century; and Archbishop Laud sent a priceless collection of MSS., for he felt, as he says, that troublous times were approaching, "when the stars hardly keep their courses," and he wished to insure the safety of his treasures. The Parliament camp was equally represented, for Selden, the antiquary, gave the better part of his collection, which included Caxton's *Histories of Troye*. In 1755 the Library received the immense benefaction of Dr. Rawlinson, which included some 5,000 MSS., a large number of books, and a valuable collection of pictures. In this way were acquired the 150 volumes of Hearne's diary, which are at present being edited for the Oxford Historical Society; it is interesting to note that Rawlinson acquired the set for £105. In addition to bequests of books there have been many famous gifts of pictures and curiosities, of which the Douce collection of missals in 1834 is a good example. Meantime, through all these years, there has been a steady influx of books from Stationers' Hall. The Copyright Act of 1709 gave the Bodleian the right to receive a copy of all works entered there, a right which is now shared with four other libraries—the British Museum, Cambridge, Trinity (Dublin), and the Advocates' Library in Edinburgh.

The historical interest of the place is so complex that it is vain to hope to illustrate



it by anecdote. Kings and statesmen, great ecclesiastics, the most distinguished foreign scholars, have all had some connexion with the place, and their memory lives in anecdotes. It was in the Bodleian that Charles I. and Lord Falkland tried the "Sortes Virgilianæ" and received the most dismal omens. The King's passage was that in the Fourth Book, where Dido curses Æneas:

"Wearied with war and the strife of a fierce people, far from his country, torn from his son's embrace, may he cry for aid and see the sad fates of his friends; nor, when he has bound himself to cruel terms of peace, may he enjoy his kingdom and the long-wished-for light, but untimely may he fall and lie unburied in the arid sand!"

Then Falkland opened the book and lighted on the passage which tells of the death of Pallas, an omen in his case only too soon to be fulfilled. The story of how certain of the books came to be acquired is sufficiently romantic. For example, the famous Leofric Missal was presented by the Dean and Chapter of Exeter to Sir Thomas Bodley, having been removed without authority, and in spite of the most far-reaching curses recorded in the missal itself.

In the old days there were certain galling restrictions in the Library. The folios were at one time chained to the shelves, but the custom was given up and the chains sold for old iron in 1769. But it was long ere the present catholic taste in books prevailed. Sir Thomas Bodley wished to exclude "kind-hearted play-books," as being mere "baggage books from which God knows little profit may be reaped." Every now and then "heretical and schismatical" books were ejected, as in 1660, and in any case in those days no one might have access to suspected books without the permission of the Vice-Chancellor and the Regius Professor of Divinity. Happily now there are no disabilities; the only inconvenience is in the size of the place. The library is continually growing, and it is becoming a matter of real difficulty to find house room for all the books. It is impossible to get a new book till at least six months after publication, for it is probably not yet unpacked and catalogued. The basement of the Ashmolean is being used for the storage of the overflow, and the cellars below the Sheldonian are the resting-place of many volumes, so that it may be a very considerable time before a reader gets the books he has asked for. But, considering the size of the collection, the organisation is wonderful, and the present librarian, Mr. E. W. B. Nicholson, is an enthusiast in all library matters. In addition to other aids there is a subject-catalogue, which is kept as nearly as possible up to date.

It is impossible to give more than the merest hint of the many treasures both among books and pictures which the Bodleian possesses, but all the more important are mentioned in Mr. Wills's excellent chapter. Queen Elizabeth's exercise-book, an Ovid with Shakespeare's autograph in it, a "Howleglas" that belonged to Spenser, and a number of Shelley relics, including the Sophocles which was found in his hand after death, are among the most interesting; while the documents which are

invaluable to the professed historian are legion in number. The picture gallery contains some valuable Holbeins and probably the latest extant portrait of Mary of Scots. There is a curious portrait of Flora MacDonald, one of Sir Kenelm Digby by Vandyck, and representations either in picture or bust of most of the distinguished men who have been associated with Oxford.

### WAS BYRON A DANDY?

WAS Mr. Lionel Johnson's "very twopenny poet and farthing man" a dandy? M. D'Aurevilly says no, at least not in the completeness of dandyism, in his book, *Of Dandyism and of George Brummell*, which has been Englished by Mr. Douglas Ainslie, and published in an all-too-dainty format by Mr. Dent. "The statuette of a man who does not deserve to be represented otherwise than by a statuette"; such is D'Aurevilly's own description of his exquisite essay. In order rightly to appreciate a dandy and dandyism one must feel grace, he says, as a woman or as an artist feels it. Though he admits that Brummell does not belong to the political history of England, he depicts him as the expression of a social tendency. His sketch of Brummell is to some extent a revelation of himself. D'Aurevilly was a dandy "on the intellectual rather than on the positive side." He was like Byron, whom, as Mr. Ainslie tells us, he greatly admired, and whom he frequently mentions in his essay. His dandyism was in his style; in his flamboyant dress too; and in his manuscripts. His English translator says he possesses an edition of D'Aurevilly's *Vielle Maitresse*, with an autograph dedication from the author to M. Octave Uzanne. "It is a rainbow of inks." Mr. Ainslie suggests that if Brummell were now living he would have belonged to the *smart* people, "vile, but inevitable word," rather than to the "Souls." This is probable, or rather, Mr. Ainslie wittily adds, it would have belonged to him. However, he admits, in sorrow, that the dandy would have had to free the smart people from the manners of the servants' hall.

Byron and "Buck" Brummell: it is a fascinating conjunction of names. Brummell, it is true, was only a dandy, nothing more and nothing less than the greatest dandy of his own or of any time; "he rose to the rank of an idea, he was Dandyism itself." A greater poet, for poet he was, says the Frenchman, he would have been Byron; of greater family, Byron again. And Byron himself said that he would rather be Brummell than Napoleon. Neither was this meant ironically or as a piece of ridiculous affectation. M. D'Aurevilly is clearly not on the side of Mr. Lionel Johnson and *les jeunes*.

"Being a poet and a man of imagination, therefore a judge of the subject, he [i.e. Byron] was struck with the empire that Brummell wielded over a hypocritical society, weary of its hypocrisy. This fact of personal autocracy suited his capricious genius better than any other kind of omnipotence."

By the way, it is interesting to note that the word Dandyism is not found in Johnson's Dictionary. And at Eton, to which he had been sent in 1790, Brummell's

"careful dressing and the frigid languor of his manners obtained for him from his school-fellows a name much in use at that time, for the word Dandy was not yet fashionable and the despots of elegance were called Bucks or Macaronis."

Hence he was called Buck Brummell. D'Aurevilly's hero was not, he says, what the world calls a libertine. Your dandy is too vain to be passion's slave. Here is a point of contrast with Byron, who was a dandy "only on certain days." For passion is too true to be dandyesque: so we are assured in a note. No; Brummell preferred to women's lips the celebrated coat that he invented. "Speaking somewhere of a portrait of Napoleon, in his imperial robe, Byron says, 'He seemed to have been born in it.'" The same may be said of Brummell, according to M. D'Aurevilly. Therefore one feels no surprise that the Frenchman is elegantly angry with Carlyle and his "Dandiacal sect"; with Carlyle, the "English Jean Paul," who "might have given us the Hero of elegant idleness—the Hero Dandy; but he has forgotten him."

Varying the phrases of his delicate criticism, M. D'Aurevilly adjures us never to forget that dandies *please women by displeasing them*. The italics, so feminine in their import, are his. And he draws a fine distinction between D'Orsay and his own hero.

"That social lion, D'Orsay, with all his Atlas beauty, was not a Dandy. His was a nature infinitely more complex, ample, and human than that English thing. . . . In one word, D'Orsay was a kindly king; now kindness is a sentiment unknown to Dandies."

And, though it is true that D'Orsay dressed "quietly and perfectly, like the Dandies," yet dandyism is not the "vulgar art of tying a tie." Some dandies never even wore one; Byron, for instance, "with his beautiful neck!" It is true, besides, that D'Orsay was a sculptor, and "well-nigh an author," so that he "deserved that letter from Byron to Alfred D— which is to be found in the famous memoirs, where Moore's cowardice has substituted asterisks for names and dots for salted anecdotes. . . . (a charming man Moore!)." So M. D'Aurevilly's delicate irony, worthy of Mr. Meredith. And one must quote his next paragraph:

"And what can be less dandified and more French than that charming duel of D'Orsay, who threw a plate at an officer, because he spoke ill of the Blessed Virgin, and D'Orsay could not permit a woman to be insulted in his presence."

Contrasts of Byron and Brummell are frequent. The poet was a dandy only by turns. The lust of the eye for a uniform had not for him the potency it had for Beau Brummell. It is odd to find M. D'Aurevilly assuring us that, whereas in France to be like everyone else is a young man's precept, it is only in English that the word originality can be used. A dandy who marks everything with his personality, existing only through a kind of exquisite originality: that is Byron. Again, Brummell, the triply matter-of-fact—"for he was vain, an

Englishman, and a dandy!"—was content with satisfied vanity.

"Society accorded him all the happiness in his power, and for him there existed none superior; he did not agree with Byron, that renegade and apostate from dandyism, who maintained that society was not worth one of the joys that it takes away."

M. D'Aurevilly thinks that the dandy may have been one of the Muses of "Don Juan"; and, in any case, he says that poem is throughout essentially dandyesque in tone. But none of these things is enough to save Mr. Lionel Johnson's Apollo-Apollyon, in the Frenchman's eyes, from the charge of being a traitor to dandyism.

W. M.

### THE END OF THE MUSICAL SEASON.

OPERA FROM THE GALLERY POINT OF VIEW.

Now that the opera season is over—and it is admitted generally that it is the heaviest season which London has known for many a long year—one may be permitted, outside the range of serious and absolute criticism, to take a trivial and cursory glance round the character of the audiences that have attended the performances. The stalls are a curious mixture of fashionable subscribers, frequenters of a single night—very anxious to learn, but regretting that "Tannhäuser" is beyond them; suburban couples who can afford five nights out of the season; and critics earnest, trifling, attentive, or flitting to and fro as the spirit of their own sweet will moves them. The boxes are, of course, frankly fashionable. Here it is "so charming to hear poor old Mascagni again." Here emerge indignant criticisms against the darkened houses. Yet here a stray musician sits within the inner darkness with shut eyes listening to—he cannot see—his beloved "Tristan," his delicious "Meistersinger." Wander to the balcony stalls, and you find an atmosphere of greater earnestness. The seats are chosen upon a principle; it is more satisfactory to hear the orchestra "at some little distance" from the conductor's seat; so art tempers the wind to those shorn by fashion, in this part of the house at all events. Then the top boxes. Well, the top boxes are the centre of interesting gatherings chiefly from artistic Suburbia, loving music for the most part, a little talkative, much inclined to the quick interchange of looks when a familiarly beautiful passage suddenly swims up to the surface of the music, and customarily enthusiastic. The same spirit is spread a little more broadly and not so domestically across the amphitheatre stalls. Thus far you will say that after all these things are natural, that they do but accurately (more or less) describe the necessary condition of things when an opera is supported, for the most part, by fashionable subscription, and when the lover of music must resort to the cheaper seats of the house if he would hear grand opera in London at all.

But there is the gallery still to be reckoned with, and that is the most surprising section

in the whole of Covent Garden. If a man would journey to Bayreuth to hear performances at a pound a time, provided he had the money, or if he would travel in the early autumn from Carlsruhe to Munich, from Munich to Vienna, from Vienna to Dresden, from Dresden to Berlin, just to hear music played, sung, and mounted as well as that combination of excellences can be reached, and if, as a matter of terribly mundane fact, that man only had a half-crown in his pocket so that all his bigger aspirations must wither in a dream—then that man will spend his half-crown to hear his Wagner, his Mozart, even his Bizet and his Gounod in the gallery at Covent Garden. He is almost universal in that gallery. He often brings his score; he has an affectionate intimacy with the names of conductors and singers. He talks offhand about "Ternina," "Feinhals," "Campanari," "Meux," and "Vanni."

"Marcinelli was a little nervous to-night."  
"Campanari is a distinct acquisition to the company. Did you hear that Henschel discovered him when he was only a 'cello player?"

"Feinhals sings well—but what a stick of an actor!"

"Yes, Ternina is wonderful, but I'm not sure I don't prefer Rosa Sucher."

"How sick I am of 'Traviata'!"

"I've heard Bauermeister sing any time these twenty years."

"Did you notice that that fourth clarinet invariably came in late in the prelude to the second act?"

"Surely they are not going to be so barbarous as to encores the 'Meistersinger' quintet?"

"That terrible brass!"

"I do hope that the lady in front of me won't fan herself during the next act: it is so distracting."

"It's wonderful how well the orchestra sounds up here!"

"I'm not sure that I don't prefer Dippel to Jean after all!"

"I didn't think it possible that Eames could sing—and act—Sieglinde so well!"

"If they can't stage 'Götterdämmerung' better, why do they give it at all?"

"I much prefer Mottl's 'Walkürenritt' to Henry Wood's: it isn't nearly so brassy."

"This is the right kind of Wagner season for my money."

"I hope it isn't true that we're to have scarcely any Wagner next year; I would willingly make them a present of 'Tannhäuser.'"

Thus, in sentences for the most part correct to the last word, and in every case correct in sense, as overheard during intervals—thus spoke the frequenter of Covent Garden Gallery during the opera season. And it would be quite possible to multiply instances further without, however, in the least making the point clearer. That point is this: that the gallery contains for the most part nobody who is not more or less a musical expert. If a man is in search of pure amusement he will, other things being equal, prefer the gallery of the Gaiety or of Daly's to that of Covent Garden. But when the cost of the latter is just two and a half times as great as the cost of the former, the

bias is irresistible. By this means, if you really desire to know the sincere opinion of the house on any given night, you can gather it pretty successfully from the gallery verdict, for it is a fortunate thing that London is, for all practical purposes, free from the pernicious influences of the *claque*. But another point, especially in connexion with this year's record, is to be noted. Applause, during the progress of a scene, even though it be not a Wagner opera, has been rigorously and sturdily protested against by this wonderful gallery. Where half the people in the boxes or stalls are scarcely aware of Wagnerian principles, and where ancient and venerable representatives of the old red sandstone period are shaking their heads and muttering of the days that are no more, the gallery settles the policy of the evening. For the most part this season, these austere and resolute rulers of our evening destinies have most severely repressed any frivolous tendency to encores on the part of a thoughtless and too easily pleased house; but at the end of a scene they have generously and graciously permitted liberal applause where such applause seemed deserved. One night, particularly, of this season lingers in the memory: it was the occasion of the single performance of Beethoven's "Fidelio," when Ternina took the chief part so wonderfully. During the second act, any attempt to destroy the continuity of the scene was most sternly suppressed, and the artist might well have supposed that there was even an unfavourable view of her work being adopted by a majority in the house. In that event she must have been agreeably astonished when the curtain fell, for as one man the gallery rose and applauded to the echo, calling the artist's name aloud again and again, until, by repeated re-appearances, she had satiated their enthusiasm.

Lastly, the Covent Garden gallery is a most accurate thermometer of the popularity of any opera in London. A glance upwards will always tell you whether a work is really in the good graces of the independent expert. The second night of a certain unfamiliar opera was almost laughable in the conspicuous verdict which the empty benches recorded; and at present the later Wagnerian operas always suffice to crowd this part of the house. So that one looks forward to the decision which this fastidious company of amateurs will give to the Italian adventures of next year's opera season.

V. B.

### BOOK REVIEWS REVIEWED.

#### "THE FOREST LOVERS."

MR. MAURICE HEWLETT's story is hailed by the critics as a delightful effort in pure romance.

"It is romance pure and simple," says the *Outlook*.

"The romantic spirit, about which so much has been written, has once more found a pure and enthusiastic expression," says *Literature*.

"A very striking book . . . , which has a singular freshness and beauty," chimes the *Speaker*.



The usual disagreements occur:

THE *Speaker*.

THE *Outlook*.

"He [Mr. Hewlett] has affected an archaic style, and, cleverly though he has adapted himself to this style, the affectation continually spoils the effect he seeks to make."

"Adventure follows breathlessly upon adventure . . . described in language quaint and characteristic, yet never affected or over-ornate, that makes every page a sheer delight to read."

Of the brightness and bravery of the story no two opinions are held. But the *Athenæum* proceeds to trace the influence of Robert Louis Stevenson and Mr. Meredith in Mr. Hewlett's style:

"It is impossible to pass over the countless instances Mr. Hewlett affords of his habit of aping either Stevenson or George Meredith. Stevenson we know was deeply affected by the style of the elder romancer. It is, therefore, not so easy to say in each case which of our writer's two models have served him most."

To compensate Mr. Hewlett, *Literature* points out that "he understands the sweet uses of the antique":

"It is time to say, once for all, that romance is not an affair of trunk-hose or chain-mail, of thou and thee and Wardour-street English. Romance rules over all times and all places; its *differentia* is not odd costume and pseudo-archaism, but the sense of mystery, that whisper of the unknown, of the things beyond, which absolutely separate the romantic from the naturalistic work, whether the period of the story be last year or of six hundred years ago, whether the scene be modern London or the ancient legendary forest. As it happens, Mr. Hewlett has chosen the latter scene. . . . And here lies the value of such work, of *The Forest Lovers*, and of the great family in which it may justly claim a place—in that the true romance is an image and symbol of inner verities, that Sir Prosper le Gai and all his fellow knights from *Amadis* and *Don Quixote* to *Pickwick* and *Huckleberry Finn* are types of every man. Romance shows us our own lives, our passage through an unknown world, under a beautiful symbolism, by images which will always enchant, which keep their loveliness for ever."

The *Bookman* finds in the story "the prettiest pictures of life in the woods, and of wooing under the sky. . . . The book is of the same family as Mr. William Morris's prose romances. It has not perhaps so much body as these, but it has a great deal more life."

## BOOKS RECEIVED.

Week ending Thursday, July 28.

### THEOLOGICAL AND BIBLICAL.

LETTERS TO HIS SON ON RELIGION. By Roundell, First Earl of Selborne. Macmillan & Co. 3s. 6d.

### HISTORY AND BIOGRAPHY.

LEO TOLSTOY, THE GRAND MOUJIK: A STUDY IN PERSONAL EVOLUTION. By G. H. Perris. T. Fisher Unwin. 5s.

THE CHURCH HISTORICAL SOCIETY: JOHN WESLEY. A Lecture. By A. J. Mason, D.D. S.P.C.K.

THE CATHEDRAL CHURCH OF LINCOLN: A HISTORY AND DESCRIPTION OF ITS FABRIC, AND A LIST OF THE BISHOPS. By A. F. Kendrick, B.A. George Bell & Sons. 1s. 6d.

### POETRY, CRITICISM, BELLES LETTRES.

A DREAM QUEST: A POEM IN THE STANZA OF SPENCER. Truslove & Hanson.

A LITTLE ENGLISH PORTFOLIO. By Ada Iddings-Gale. Truslove & Hanson.

THE MODERN FRENCH DRAMA: SEVEN ESSAYS BY AUGUSTIN FILON. Translated by Janet E. Hogarth. Chapman & Hall.

THE TEMPLE CLASSICS: PARADISE REGAINED, SAMSON AGONISTES, AND OTHER POEMS. By John Milton. J. M. Dent & Co.

TEMPLE WAVERLEY NOVELS: THE ABBOT. By Sir Walter Scott. 2 vols. J. M. Dent. 1s. 6d. each.

SONGS OF SEA AND SAIL. By Thomas Fleming Day. The Rudder Publishing Co. 8s.

THE GLASGOW GOETHE SOCIETY: GOETHE'S SATYROS AND PROMETHEUS. Translated by John Gray. Edited by Alexander Tille. F. Bauermeister (Glasgow).

### TRAVEL AND TOPOGRAPHY.

THE VALLEY OF ZERMATT AND THE MATTERHORN. By Edward Whymper. Second edition. John Murray. 3s.

CHAMONIX AND THE RANGE OF MONT BLANC. By Edward Whymper. Third edition. John Murray. 3s.

### EDUCATIONAL.

THE FIRST ORATION OF CICERO AGAINST CATALINA. Edited by the Rev. G. H. Nall, M.A. Macmillan & Co.

BLACKWOOD'S SCHOOL SHAKESPEARE: KING RICHARD II. Edited by R. Brimley Johnson. W. Blackwood & Sons.

EXERCISES ON THE FIRST BOOK OF EUCLID. By William Weekes. Macmillan & Co. 1s.

### MISCELLANEOUS.

PLACE-NAMES IN GLENGARRY AND GLENQUOICH, AND THEIR ORIGIN. By Edward C. Ellice. Swan Sonnenschein & Co. 2s. 6d.

ROWING, PUNTING, AND PUNTS. By D. H. McLean and W. H. Grenfell. With Contributions by R. P. P. Rowe and B. F. Robinson. Lawrence & Bullen, Ltd.

THE CEREBELLUM. By H. Davies, M.D. Nichols & Co.

THE ST. ANDREW'S UNIVERSITY CALENDAR FOR THE YEAR 1898-99. W. Blackwood & Sons. 1898.

## ANNOUNCEMENTS.

WE have received a specimen prospectus of a sumptuous subscription work which Messrs. Eyre & Spottiswoode purpose issuing, entitled *Queen Victoria's Treasures at Windsor Castle*. The Queen heads the subscription list with an order for two copies. The publishers hope to show that it is not necessary to go to the Continent to obtain the best colour printing. The whole work will be executed in London on English-made paper. There will be forty plates from water-colour drawings by Mr. William Gibb, and the Notes will be supplied by the Marquis of Lorne.

A CONSIDERABLE work on sea-fishing, by John Bickerdyke, is announced for immediate publication by Mr. Horace Cox, of the *Field*. It is to be entitled *Practical Letters to Young Sea-Fishers*, and will contain chapters on boat-sailing and navigation, and life-saving at sea, and be very fully illus-

trated with drawings of sea-fish, sea-fishing scenes, &c.

MR. ENEAS MACKAY, of Stirling, announces a re-issue of Mr. John W. Small's important work on *Scottish Woodwork*. It was originally issued in 1877, but only 250 copies were printed. Since then each copy that came to sale has so increased in value (the latest prices realised by the work being from £5 to £7), that a second edition is called for. The work will be re-issued in the same size as the original. The principal plates will be *facsimiles* of the former edition, but the full-sized plates will be reduced one half. The alteration will make the book more portable, without decreasing its practical value.

THE first monthly number of the *Critic* will contain the eleventh article in the new series of "Authors at Home," the subject being Mrs. Margaret Deland. The author's home is revealed in this article.

A STUDY of the life of Sir Henry Lawrence, the Pacificator, by Lieut.-General J. J. McLeod Innes, R.E., V.C., is on the eve of publication as a supplementary volume to the "Rulers of India," the Clarendon Press Series of Indian Historical Retrospects. A portrait and map will be included in the volume.

THE *Genealogical Magazine* for August will contain an article on "The Laws of Names and the Changes of Names," and papers on the Sewells of the Isle of Wight, and the Arms of the City of Dublin.

AMONG the articles which will appear in the August number of *The Antiquary* will be the following: "Wall Paintings at Burton Latimer" (illustrated), by Mr. George Bailey, and "Bishops' Gloves," by Mr. H. J. Feasey.

AN article by Mr. Vernon Lee, on "The Young Generation and the Old," will appear in the August *Cosmopolis*. In the same number Prof. Vambéry writes on "England's gefährdete Machtstellung in Asien." In the French section M. Edouard Rod gives the first instalment of "Gens et Choses de Sicile."

AN important discovery of a bibliographical character has recently been made, and the result of it is to be published during the autumn by Messrs. Kegan Paul, Trench, Trübner & Co., Ltd. Some six years ago Mrs. Lewis and her sister, Mrs. Gibson, were examining treasure in the Convent of St. Katherine on Mount Sinai, when the librarian called their attention to a beautiful MS., whose value he was desirous of knowing. This proved to be a Palestinian Syriac Lectionary, of which it was believed only one example existed in the Vatican. Further research resulted in the discovery of yet another such MS., and the book, which Messrs. Kegan Paul & Co. are to publish, will contain the text of that first discovered, with notes embodying the different readings existing in the latter MS. as well as that which is contained in the Vatican. The printing of the book has taken over four years, and has been entrusted to Messrs. Gilbert & Rivington, the well-known Oriental printers. It is thought that this work will be of the first importance to antiquarians and theological students.

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